

THE

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REVIEW

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

THE CRISIS IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA

PIERRE FREDERIX

THE TEXTILE SLUMP

JULIAN AMERY, M.P.

THE CHARMS OF LONDON

R. J. CRUIKSHANK, C.M.G.

STRANGE AND HORRIBLE WORLD

SIR HAROLD SCOTT, K.C.B., K.B.E.

A RHODESIAN ORNITHOLOGIST ROY CAMPBELL

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, URSULA  
BRANSTON, ERIC GILLETT, JONATHAN MAYNE, J. C. MASTER-  
MAN, WEBSTER EVANS AND ALEC ROBERTSON

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**J. C. MASTERMAN, O.B.E.:** Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, since 1947. Student of Christ Church, 1919-46. Author of *An Oxford Tragedy*, etc.

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**ALEC ROBERTSON:** In charge of Music Talks, B.B.C., since 1940.

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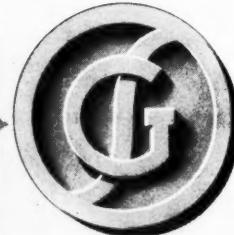


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## EPISODES OF THE MONTH

ASTER was exceptionally lovely in England this year. The sun shone warmly and brightly upon the teeming multitudes who left the towns and invaded the country, in cars and buses, on bicycles and on foot. Churches were filled with spring flowers, if not with people. Forgetfulness was sought and, by many, found.

### The Danger in Europe

HE world is certainly full of unpleasant material for thought. In Europe the danger of Communist aggression and infiltration seems as great as ever. Russia is clearly anxious to delay the formation of the European Defence Community, and has now declared, in a Note presented to the Western Powers on April 9, that she is prepared to discuss "free all-German elections." The United Kingdom has made a gesture designed to facilitate agreement on E.D.C., by offering to pledge all possible "military and other aid" to any member of the community who may be attacked in Europe. This offer is no doubt meant to allay the fear of Europeans—and of the French especially—that Britain will wash her hands of Europe in an emergency. It adds little to existing commitments, but it may have a useful psychological effect.

### Germany: an Intractable Problem

HE German problem remains intractable, and is perhaps insoluble. France cannot provide an adequate buttress of strength in Western Europe, and much of what strength she has is now devoted to the war in Indo-China. On the other hand, we must not blind ourselves to the danger of a rearmed Germany. Our statesmen have, for better or for worse, concluded that a substantial German contribution is necessary for the defence of Western Europe. If and when this contribution is made, Germany will be on the map again as a Great Power. In our opinion the only way then to avoid a disaster similar to that of 1939 will be for ourselves and the United States to interest ourselves in Europe not less, but more, than previously. Western German rearma-

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ment must on no account be thought to absolve us from the duty to have very large forces stationed in Europe. On the contrary, such forces will be more than ever necessary, and should if possible be increased.

### The Russian Game

IT should never be forgotten that the Russians started the odious and perilous game of rearming Germany. Their policy in Eastern Germany may have been dictated partly by the need to intimidate the Poles, and partly by the hope that Germany could be Communized, or could at least be absorbed into the Soviet bloc as a dependable ally for the time being. This may well prove, ultimately, to have been a miscalculation, but meanwhile the Eastern German forces, and the Russian propaganda campaign on the theme of German unity, are a grave menace to the West. Our only hope is to be strong.

### General Eisenhower Resigns

GENERAL EISENHOWER has announced that he wishes, as from June 1, to be relieved of his command in Europe; and his resignation has been accepted. We go to press in ignorance of his successor, but we still hope that it may be Field-Marshal Montgomery. We shall, however, be surprised if it is not an American, and the names of General Ridgway and General Gruenther are being mentioned most prominently.

Meanwhile, General Eisenhower's political star continues to rise. Though Senator Taft has been successful in several Middle Western primaries—notably in Illinois—General Eisenhower has won resounding victories in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, in spite of his absence in Europe. It is hard not to believe that he will gain even more support when he returns home and starts to campaign actively.

### Mr. Truman : Man of Destiny

ON a later page Denys Smith describes and discusses, from the point of view of American politics, President Truman's dramatic announcement that he will not be a candidate for renomination. In the outside world many people will now be thinking of the intimate and vital effect Mr. Truman has had upon *them* during his tenure of the Presidency, and of the strange destiny which caused him to become the holder of that great office.

It has been stated by Mr. John Gunther that, when the Democratic Convention of 1944 was in session, President Roosevelt wrote to Mr. Hannegan, Chairman of the Party's National Committee, that "he would be glad to run with 'either Harry Truman or Bill Douglas'."

The bosses refused absolutely to accept Wallace, and both Truman and Douglas were acceptable. . . . As originally drafted the phrase in

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Roosevelt's letter was 'Bill Douglas or Harry Truman.' Hannegan persuaded Roosevelt to change this wording at the last moment so that Truman's name would precede Douglas's, on the grounds that . . . the Convention would go for whomever the President named first. (*Roosevelt in Retrospect*, by John Gunther; page 380.)

Accordingly Mr. Truman was nominated, was elected Vice-President, and within a few months succeeded to the Presidency on Mr. Roosevelt's sudden death. Much may depend upon the wording of a letter!

### On the Whole, a Good Record

**L**ORD ACTON'S much-quoted dictum about power is by no means always true. In fact it is sometimes the reverse of the truth, because some men are edified rather than corrupted by power. Mr. Truman is a remarkable instance of the improving effect which great power can have upon a man whose qualifications appear to have been quite limited. He was not a great man before he became President: but history may record that the Presidency made him great.

Few men have been called upon to make so many grave decisions. Upon Mr. Truman's judgment the fate of our present civilization has often hung. On the whole, he has judged wisely and courageously. Future generations will perhaps especially acclaim his prompt decision to resist aggression in Korea, and the way he risked electoral disaster in 1948 by refusing to compromise on the issue of civil rights. In foreign affairs he has been handicapped by ignorance and—not infrequently—by bad advice. His policy towards the Middle East, and in particular towards Palestine, will be very hard to defend. But even those who have suffered most from his mistakes can acknowledge the value of his general performance.

We wish him many more years of active life and we hope that he will soon put our goodwill to the test by visiting this country.

### Home Politics: in Parliament

**E**VEN American politics in a Presidential year are not likely to be more impassioned than our own in the months which lie ahead. Parliamentary business was held up by the King's death, and the mass of work which remains to be done in the present Session will be made no easier by the Party feeling which is steadily growing.

The Government has quite rightly decided to introduce Bills in this Session for the denationalization of Steel and Road Haulage: but there can be no doubt that it is difficult to pass controversial legislation through Parliament without a working majority. The Committee Stage of Bills cannot be taken "upstairs," but has to be taken on the floor of the House, which imposes a great strain upon Members. Already the Government has had to resort to "guillotine" procedure to accelerate the

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passage of the Health Service Bill. It is obvious that the maltreatment of Parliament, for which the Socialists are to blame, will have to continue until some at least of their mistakes have been corrected.

### Leadership of the House

IN these trying circumstances the task of the Leader of the House of Commons is greatly aggravated, and Mr. Harry Crookshank's well-wishers should be the first to feel that it is too much to expect him to combine that office with the Ministry of Health. Quite apart from the Health Service Bill, the administrative work of the Health Ministry is quite enough for any one man. There is so much waste and inefficiency to be dealt with that this Ministry should now be receiving the undivided attention of its chief.

We believe, too, that many experienced Parliamentarians would like to see Mr. Eden leading the House in this difficult period. Mr. Crookshank, with all his skill, is new to the job, whereas Mr. Eden is an old hand at it: he led the House with outstanding success during the last three years of the War. No doubt it would be almost impossible for him to remain Foreign Secretary if he were Leader of the House, and it would obviously be difficult to find a suitable successor to him at the Foreign Office—especially when important negotiations are in progress. Lord Salisbury, who would in our view be much the best man to succeed him—and who has recently enhanced his reputation by the courage and brilliance which he has shown in the Seretse Khama controversy—can ill be spared from the Commonwealth Relations Office. But some solution must be found to this problem, because it would be disastrous for Mr. Eden's Parliamentary gifts to be wasted on the assumption that he is irreplaceable as Foreign Secretary.

### Home Politics: in the Country

MEANWHILE the political trend in the country is towards the Extremer Left. The County Council elections resulted in striking Labour gains, including the capture (among others) of the Lancashire and West Riding Councils, and an overwhelming victory in London. Too much general importance should never be ascribed to local elections, because the percentage poll is less than in a Parliamentary Election, and because even now many of the contests are not run on purely Party lines. It is also fair to say that these elections could hardly have come at a worse time for the Conservative Party. Unpopular measures have had to be taken in the national interest, and most of the benefits foreshadowed in the Budget have yet to be felt in practice. In London the public was no doubt irritated by the increase in fares, for which the Government was not morally responsible, and which it is now recon-

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sidering along with the problem of transport, and of transport charges, throughout the country.

There have also been serious developments in the trade unions. Some of the largest unions—including the N.U.M.—are already claiming wage increases which, if conceded, will have a dangerously inflationary effect, and which, if refused, may lead to the industrial strife desired and engineered by the Communists. Another portent was the resolution carried on April 15 by a huge majority at the annual conference of the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers, calling for a re-examination and reduction of the arms programme. Only about a dozen delegates voted against the resolution, in spite of a strong appeal by Mr. Alfred Robens, a veteran member of the union and an ex-Cabinet Minister. This means that one powerful union, with a membership of about 350,000, is now committed to support "the Bevan line" on rearmament. Others will doubtless follow its example.

### In Place of Attlee

APRIL witnessed the publication of a book by Mr. Bevan (*In Place of Fear*, by Aneurin Bevan. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). This book might well have been called "In Place of Attlee," because it is becoming increasingly clear that the Bevanite brand of Socialism is replacing the Attleeite brand. No one should fail—through anger, indifference or a disinclination to enrich Mr. Bevan—to read his book with the utmost care. It is one of the most important documents of our times.

### An Emotional Appeal

THE arguments which it contains are for the most part fallacious, and many of them are so wildly wrong that it is hard to believe any intelligent, middle-aged man could seriously advance them. But there they are, put forward by Mr. Bevan, who is intelligent and middle-aged in the extreme.

We will shortly examine one or two of these arguments in detail. But first let us say very emphatically that the effect of Mr. Bevan's book will not depend upon the validity of his arguments. His is not a rational appeal, though it is presented with all the fashionable apparatus of selective fact and figure. It is an emotional appeal, and as such it cannot be underrated. The Socialist movement has certain persistent and traditional impulses—dislike of armed forces; class-consciousness and jealousy; desire to find fault with capitalist America and to make allowances for Soviet Russia; belief in economic remedies for the world's ills. Of all these Mr. Bevan is the faithful embodiment. Hence his power among Socialists and his significance in contemporary politics. Hence, too, the power and significance of his book.

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### Marx and Merlin

THERE are several revealing fragments of autobiography, and generalizations obviously based upon personal experience. We are told, for instance, that "the self-educated naturally seize on the knowledge which makes their own experience intelligible." They do not, apparently, pursue knowledge for its own sake, but as a reinforcement to prejudice and passion. "Thus action and thought go hand in hand in reciprocal revelation."

Whatever may be thought of this as a general statement, there can be no doubt of its relevance to Mr. Bevan's own early development. As a boy and as a young man he found that "Tredegar Workmen's Library was unusually well stocked with books of all kinds": but his taste was for literature with a polemical twist, and his staple diet was Marxism. "In so far as I can be said to have had a political training at all, it has been in Marxism. . . . From Jack London's *Iron Heel* to the whole world of Marxist literature was an easy and fascinating step."

But while Mr. Bevan's intellectual equipment is, on his own admission, a tribute to Marx, his temperament owes not a little to the spirit of Merlin. He is a Welsh romantic, as well as a Marxist heresiarch; and this is a very formidable combination.

### The Fallacy of "Democratic Socialism"

M.R. BEVAN'S ideal is "Democratic Socialism," by which he appears to mean the direct control, by a Single-Chamber Parliament, of the nation's main political and economic activities. He attacks the House of Lords with gusto and discounts the need for a Second Chamber. "Modern democracy suffers more often from the lack of quick decisions than from limitation of discussion." At the same time he recommends that the House of Commons should vastly increase the scale of its responsibilities. Public ownership should be extended until the public sector of the economy decisively dominates the private sector: but this should not, as in the past, be done by setting up State Corporations, which are "a constitutional outrage." Ministers, not Civil Servants, should run the nationalized industries; and the House of Commons should supervise their day-to-day working. "There is no fundamental difference between the National Health Service and the railways in terms of administration."

When we consider the conditions of overwork in which even now M.P.s. are living, we can just imagine what would happen if Mr. Bevan had his way. The country would be thrown into chaos and Parliament would become a lunatic asylum. That would be the *reductio ad absurdum* of "Democratic Socialism"; and, of course, when that stage had been reached, a totalitarian solution would be more likely than a return to sanity.

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### The Fallacy of Russian Weakness

ALL the world knows that Mr. Bevan regards the British, and indeed the whole Western, rearmament programme as excessive. He believes that Russia's capacity for waging war is not so great as has been supposed, because her steel production is only "thirty million tons per annum", whereas "the (Western) Allies dispose of an annual steel production of 128,000,000 tons and have a potential output of 180,000,000 tons." In Mr. Bevan's reckoning, this economic advantage cancels out Russia's superiority in more strictly military terms, and "will restrain (the Russian leaders') military adventures unless they are panicked into more than limited aggression." Why, then, should we waste money on armaments which could be devoted to maintaining our own, and raising other peoples', standards of life, and so to resisting the economic appeal of Communism?

The simple answer to this question is that it is based upon an utterly false assumption. Even if Mr. Bevan's steel production figures are correct, the inference which he makes from them is, for two obvious reasons, misleading. First, it is specious to contrast the steel production of all the Western Powers with that of Russia alone: to the Russian figure must surely be added the figures for satellite countries, such as Eastern Germany and Czechoslovakia. Secondly, modern war is not static, and those very "Blitzkrieg methods of war", for which Mr. Bevan says Russia's steel production affords "no basis", might, in the space of a few weeks or even days, drastically alter the steel production ratio as between East and West. While Mr. Bevan was consoling himself with his statistics, the Ruhr could be falling into enemy hands.

### The Fallacy of Limited Revolution

HISTORY is littered with the débris of men who have started revolutions and then tried to set limits to them. Such men invariably find themselves superseded by others whose opinions—and methods—are more extreme than their own. Revolution knows no limits, and in all the catalogue of human vanity and folly there is no more pathetic type than that of the "moderate" or "limited" revolutionary.

Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison belong to that type, and they, with others like them, must now have begun to savour the bitterness of disillusionment. Mr. Bevan is to-day the successful promoter of revolution, but he too would set limits to the process, and he too will in due course be disillusioned. He says that "the relations between public and private enterprise have not yet reached a condition where they can be stabilized." But he goes on: "That is not to say a halting place cannot be reached. I think it can. It is clear to the serious student of modern politics that a mixed economy is what most people of the West would prefer."

Meanwhile some other "serious student of modern politics" is quietly planning a further phase in the British revolution, to be begun when Mr.

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Bevan has fulfilled what he himself would call his "historical function." Bevan is not the last word in Socialism, any more than Attlee has been. Only by exploding the whole Marxist myth, and by reviving faith in what is good and true, can we hope to escape the extremity of revolution.

### A Very Different Book

**R**EVOLUTION is the theme of another book published last month, by an author whose philosophy and credentials are very different from Mr. Bevan's (*In An Age of Revolution*, by Cyril Garbett, Archbishop of York. Hodder & Stoughton. 20s.). Dr. Garbett is certainly one of the finest exponents of Christianity in the twentieth century. He is a dedicated man. In addition to all the work he has to do in England, he acts as a world-wide missionary, realizing to the full the duty of an Anglican Primate. His books are the product of his leisure, written, as he says, "in odd hours snatched from full days of work." The latest completes a trilogy on the Church of England in its modern setting, and it relates to "the attitude of the Church of England towards movements and problems outside its own borders."

### Christianity in Decline

**T**HE Archbishop is more aware than some politicians of the revolutionary forces which are now at work. He sees, beneath the surface of life in Britain, the decay of faith and the tacit rejection of moral standards. He makes no attempt to conceal the appalling evidence of irreligion. "In an enquiry it was found that three out of five of those questioned did not know the names of the four Gospels; out of a club of thirty boys only one knew what had happened on Good Friday. . . . The majority of men and women neither say their prayers, except in some terrifying emergency, nor read their Bibles, unless to look for help in a crossword puzzle. . . ."

An impressive, though not exhaustive, list of reasons is given for this decline of Christianity. The reasons are carefully expounded and some of the objections to Christian faith are well refuted. Dr. Garbett then describes the principal substitutes for Christianity which have been or are being tried—Humanism, "King Mammon" (unrestricted capitalism), "King Demos," and "the God-State" (Fascism or Communism). And he concludes that "of all the foes which to-day oppose the Christian Church Communism is by far the most dangerous."

### A Religious Vacuum

**H**UMAN nature abhors a religious vacuum, and the special danger of Communism is that it fills the gap which Christianity has left in many minds and hearts. It is, no doubt, a material religion and a religion of and for this world only. It denies God and the existence of eternal

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values, such as the value of the individual soul. But it expresses in truly religious form a belief in the perfectibility of Man, and it appeals to all those who seek a collective, impersonal excuse for their own shortcomings. Christianity puts the responsibility for human wickedness, and for the faults of society, upon every normal man and woman: Communism imputes all imperfection on earth to the "exploiting classes," and gives hope of permanent peace and happiness when the "proletariat" has won the "class war."

### The Archbishop's Answer

**W**HAT is the Archbishop's answer to the Communist threat? How would he reassert the truth of Christianity in the face of such a challenge? We are bound to say that the last part of his book—*The Answer of the Church*—is less satisfactory than the earlier parts, in which the problem is stated, on the whole, convincingly. "The Church of England," Dr. Garbett says, "must hold firmly to its Catholic heritage in the Creeds, the Sacraments and the Apostolic Ministry, and to the open Bible as the Word of God which contains all that is necessary for eternal salvation. . . ." Without wishing to enter into theological controversy, we must honestly remark that the Church of England is unlikely, on the Archbishop's terms, to regain the allegiance of the English people.

### Too Much Definition?

**E**NGLISHMEN are traditionally chary of logic and they recoil from excessive definition. Napoleon never came nearer to the English spirit than when he said that Constitutions should be "short and obscure." He might have said the same of Creeds—especially in the English context.

Of course there are many people in England who share with the Roman Catholics a desire for the precise formulation of their beliefs, even though they cannot accept the Pope as supreme arbiter. These people, of whom Dr. Garbett is clearly one, are now in an embarrassing and rather isolated position. They are undoubtedly gaining strength in the Church of England: but meanwhile the Church of England is rapidly losing strength in the country. With the best of intentions these doctrinaires are turning our national Church into just another Christian sect, with the result that England as a whole is gradually ceasing to be a Christian country. Must this tragic process continue? Must our religion be so explicit?

### Science and Faith

**M**UCH has been said and written about the conflict between Science and Faith, but we venture to suggest that one most important aspect of this conflict has been overlooked. Theology is itself a science, or at least is regarded as such by those who have made it their special study and profession. But faith is by definition unscientific. It is, as

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St. Paul said, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." There may therefore be a contradiction, not to say a conflict, between the "scientific" and the "unscientific" members of a religious community; between those who think they know, and those who only know what they think. The former are also liable, unless they are prepared to make some concessions, to drive many undogmatic but genuinely religious people into a state of indifference, or even of hostility, towards organized religion. We suggest that science in this sense is a much greater danger to Christianity in England to-day, than Darwinism, astronomy, psychology, or any other branch of what is commonly known as Science.

### There Must Be Changes

**W**E would entreat the Archbishop of York, for whose book and for whose whole life and work we feel the warmest admiration, to take a less inflexible view of Anglican doctrine. Historical evidence can combine with moral evidence, and the vision of saints in every age, to sustain a Christian faith which will never die, and which can give new life and meaning to the Anglican tradition. But the Church of England will cease to deserve the name—and will in fact soon be disestablished—if it seeks to remain for ever in its historical posture. It cannot stand still: there must be changes in its doctrines, and in the practical application of those doctrines. Its spiritual scope must become wider, not narrower. Its services must be made less archaic and less Judaic. Women, as well as men, must be able to play a full part in its Ministry.

If Dr. Garbett would only see how desperate is the need for change, what a supreme Archbishop he would be! We do not despair, because he is no ordinary bigot. His mind is broader than the average agnostic's, and his heart is as warm as that of any man living.

### Sir Stafford Cripps

**W**E have been discussing Christianity and Socialism, and it is fitting to conclude with a reference to the death, on April 21, of one who was both a Christian and a Socialist—Sir Stafford Cripps. We have often had occasion to criticize his politics, but we now join in paying tribute to a sincere, talented and hard-working man, who literally gave his life in doing what he felt to be his duty.

# THE CRISIS IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA

By PIERRE FREDERIX

THE Tunisian crisis which has been developing during the last few months is obviously just one example of the nationalistic ferment, which is affecting in turn all the peoples of Islam, and of the general movement of colonial peoples against their European mentors. But for a full understanding of the events in French North Africa it is necessary to bear in mind three facts, which give a special character to the problems of that area.

The first of these is its geographical proximity to France, the "metropolis," with all that this implies strategically, psychologically and internationally. To Frenchmen the Western Mediterranean has about the same significance as the Irish Sea to Englishmen.

The second fact is the relative economic weakness of the three North African territories, none of which has sufficient resources to finance its own development. No doubt France has derived great advantages from her connection with North Africa, not least in the military sphere: the Moslems of North Africa have played their part in two World Wars. But in the financial sphere, it would have been inconceivable for the North African countries to find themselves in the position of creditors to France, as India and Egypt, for instance, have found themselves in relation to Britain. Money and economic aid have always come from the "metropolis," and this has been even more noticeable since the War, because the Monnet Plan for French recovery has embraced French North Africa. To the already considerable

private investment of capital have been added public investment and State loans. In Tunisia alone, whose annual budget is of the order of thirty milliard francs, the French bureaucracy on the spot accounts for four milliards, but at the same time the "metropolis" provides a further fourteen milliards, which Tunisia would be hard put to it to obtain anywhere but in France. Another case in point is Algerian wine, for which it would be difficult to find a market outside France, and with which France could dispense if she were to expand her own vineyards. Wine represents about a third of Algeria's total exports. If the North Africans were to take possession of all French property on and under their soil—land, factories and mines—they might for a short time cherish the illusion of prosperity. But if in the process of achieving political independence they were to weaken their commercial links with France, and cut themselves off from the fountain of French public credit and investment, their economies would soon collapse. In so far as passion is still subordinate to reason, this element of economic dependence may help to procure in North Africa compromise solutions not possible in ex-colonial territories which are richer or more favourably endowed by nature. But passion always tends to be much stronger than reason.

The third peculiarity of French North Africa is the size of the European population. The psychological importance of this is great. When France established her paramountcy in Algeria

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(1830), in Tunisia (1881), and in Morocco (1912), the number of Frenchmen in these countries was insignificant. But Morocco now contains eight million Moslems and 300,000 Europeans—plus 200,000 Jews, who make common cause with the Europeans, because they are afraid of being, as it were, handed over as hostages to Islam. Tunisia contains three million Moslems and 250,000 Europeans; Algeria eight million Moslems and one million Europeans. These Europeans—for the most part Frenchmen or (like the Italians in Tunisia) about to be naturalized Frenchmen—are people who have settled in North Africa. Many of them have grandparents, or even great-grandparents, buried in North African cemeteries: nearly all intend to live, work and die in North Africa, and trust that their children will do the same.

Clearly the position of about 1,500,000 Frenchmen, rooted in the midst of 19 million Moslems, is not at all comparable to that in other Middle Eastern countries, where Europeans have never been more than a tiny minority of officers, officials, business men and technicians, most of whom have returned to their mother-countries on the completion of their specific tasks. Even less can it be compared—and this is a point which Americans have great difficulty in understanding—to that in ex-colonial countries, such as the United States or Australia, where the native population has virtually disappeared, leaving the colonists in undisputed control. In the whole history of Europe's relations with its former colonies, the only valid comparisons are to be seen in Latin America, or in the Union of South Africa, where the natives constitute 80 per cent., and the Europeans 20 per cent., of the population. In those two areas the European settlers declared themselves indepen-

dent of their mother-countries and took sole charge of what had, in effect, become *their* countries. In North Africa, however, the French have never really wanted to be separated from the "metropolis"; and they now desire separation less than ever, seeing that they need help in the development of their territories and support against the threat of Islamic nationalism, which is now rampant on the banks of the Nile and of the Indus, as well as further West. The demand for independence is therefore confined to the native Moslems, and the result is a three-cornered fight, in which the latter stand for nationalism, the French settlers for conservatism, and successive French Governments oscillate between the liberal tradition of France and the need to safeguard vital French interests.

These are the factors which make of North Africa a special case, with no exact equivalent elsewhere in the world. They are common to Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria, as is also the Islamic civilization by which the area was almost completely dominated long before French influence made itself felt. Apart from this, each territory has a distinct history of its own. When the French landed at Algiers in 1830, they found a sort of political no-man's-land, in which the only authorities were foreigners—Ottoman officials—and tribal chiefs. There was indeed a Dey of Algiers, but no dynasty or anything that could be called an Algerian State. Significantly, the word "colony" was never used by the Algerian French to describe the country in which they were establishing themselves. This soon became, to their way of thinking, simply an extension of metropolitan France—a Moslem version of Corsica. In the middle of the last century it was subdivided into three French Departments, and to-day

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all the inhabitants of Algeria, Moslem and Christian alike, are citizens of France and elect Deputies to the French Assembly.

In Tunisia and Morocco, on the other hand, the French have had to deal from the first with a Bey (*sic*) and a Sultan, hereditary monarchs belonging to ancient dynasties, whose sovereign rights have, in theory at least, been respected. A Protectorate only has been established—not inspired, as in Algeria, by a policy of assimilation, and not involving any Moroccan or Tunisian representation in the French Parliament. Tunisia differs from Morocco in that the latter was still, forty years ago, in a condition of feudal anarchy, with two-thirds of the territory either in open revolt against the Sultan or successfully evading his authority; whereas the Bey of Tunis, when he signed the Protectorate Treaty

seventy years ago, was in effective control of almost the whole of his territory.

The effects of these historic differences between the three countries are very noticeable to-day. Until about 1935 the natural aim of most Moslem leaders in Algeria was to become fully-fledged French citizens: they denied categorically the very existence of an "Algerian nation." Whence, then, comes the Algerian nationalism of to-day? This is partly due to the frustration of the rising Moslem *bourgeoisie*, whose members feel that they are being treated as "second-class Frenchmen"; and partly to the resentment felt by the "have-nots" (including, frequently, the so-called "roumies," who have come from France) against all those who have the good fortune to possess something, be it only a regular job. In Morocco and Tunisia, however,

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nationalism has its historic symbols in the dynasties. The Sultan of Morocco still appears to the mass of his subjects as a religious personage—the Descendant of the Prophet and the Commander of the Faithful. The only serious nationalists in Morocco, apart from the Sultan himself and some of his entourage, are a minority of middle-class townspeople and students: but that is quite enough to sustain a political movement nowadays. In the country as a whole the people are indifferent and the nationalist leaders are little known. Not so in Tunisia, which is a smaller country and where the central power has for long been effective. An order from Tunis soon penetrates to the most secluded parts of the country. The percentage of illiterates, though very large, is proportionately smaller than in Morocco, and the Moslem *élite* is more numerous and more sophisticated. One further point should be mentioned: a good deal of warlike material was left behind in Tunisia after the 1943 campaign, and some of this has been picked up by Moslems who now feel tempted to make use of it. The Tunisians have been the first to develop a really potent national self-consciousness.

The focus of Tunisian nationalism is the "Destour" or, to be more precise, the "Neo-Destour." "Destour" signifies "Constitution," and there are in Tunisia an old and a new Destour—products of a schism which, in 1933, divided the nationalist movement. The desire to change the régime from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy soon merged into a desire for independence. The old Destour is still in many ways conservative: it is very attached to the traditions of Islam. But its strength is now much reduced, and the Destour which counts is the Neo-Destour organized by Habib Bourguiba. This is analogous to the

famous movement of the "Young Turks."

Habib Bourguiba is detested by most of the French in Tunisia, who see in him their most formidable enemy. All the same he is an attractive personality. He was born forty-eight years ago in humble circumstances at Monastir, a little coastal town with an exclusively native population. He was educated at a French school in Tunis and then at the *École des Sciences Politiques* in Paris, where he studied in the Law Faculty. He can speak more eloquently in French than in Arabic, and he is married to a Frenchwoman, whose origin was as humble as his own. They have a son, who was born in Paris and lives in Paris, and whose nationality is French. Between 1934 and 1936 Habib Bourguiba underwent his first period of house arrest, and in 1938, as President of the Neo-Destour, he was arrested a second time after a riot in which blood was shed. He was moved to Marseilles. When the Germans appeared on the scene in 1942 he was set free and returned to Tunis in April, 1943. Failing to get what he wanted from the French, he left secretly in 1945, and between 1947 and 1949 the scene of his activities was Cairo. Since then he has been in Tunis again; has paid two visits to France; and in February, 1951, launched a great propaganda campaign in Egypt, Pakistan, Indonesia, the United States and Britain. Returning once again to Tunis, he was arrested for the third time on January 18 of this year.

Wherever he has gone Bourguiba has shown himself to be of an extremely nervous temperament, not incapable of dispassionate reasoning, but liable also to "brainstorms." In fact he undoubtedly has the temperament of an agitator and of a dictator. He has made of his Neo-Destour the equal in influence of the Wafd in Egypt: but

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whereas the Wafd has been based—at any rate until recently—on a system of committees, the Neo-Destour is organized in cells, and the emphasis is on obedience rather than on discussion. So efficient is this organization, and that of its associated trade unions, that an order to strike or to close all Arab shops is often carried out in the Southern part of the country only a few hours after having been given in Tunis. Another difference between the Neo-Destour and the Wafd is that there are no "Pashas" in the former's hierarchy. With a very few exceptions, the leaders have so far been men without fortune, and their political actions have brought them more inconvenience than material gain. The Neo-Destour is certainly not Communist, although the small group of Tunisian Communists is in fact supporting it. Its leaders are Westernizers in the fashion of Kemal, and the movement as a whole is working-class.

Since 1946 the Neo-Destour has made no secret of its objective—independence for Tunisia, subject to certain military, diplomatic, cultural and commercial privileges for France (so it is suggested at the moment). When the Chenik Ministry was formed in August, 1950, the Neo-Destour for the first time abandoned its attitude of opposition and placed one of its members in the Government of Tunisia. The French Government had just promised, in effect, a programme of reforms which would give Tunisia self-government for internal purposes. By the beginning of the next year little progress had been made, and in October, 1951, the Tunisian Prime Minister was in Paris claiming for his country, first, a homogeneous Tunisian Government in place of the existing mixed Government; secondly, the creation of a representative Tunisian Assembly, to supersede the consultative *Grand Conseil* (also mixed

in composition); and thirdly, the progressive assumption by native Tunisians of all Governmental posts at present held by Frenchmen. On December 15 of last year a Note arrived from the French Government which most Tunisians interpreted as a refusal to move any further. It was then that trouble really started. The Neo-Destour went back into opposition, taking with it the Tunisian Ministers and the Bey. Bourguiba arrived in Tunis at almost the same time as the new French Resident-General, M. Hauteclercque, and induced the Ministers to make an appeal to U.N.O. A few days later he was arrested, and on March 26 (of this year) the Tunisian Ministers were also arrested.

What is fundamental in this crisis? Obviously Tunisian nationalism, but also the systematic obstruction of the French in Tunisia, and the pressure which they exert directly on the Resident-General in Tunis, and indirectly through their representatives and political friends in Paris. Perhaps the Note of December, 1951, would never have been signed by the Foreign Minister if he had not felt it necessary to make sure of a few extra votes in the Assembly. The French in Tunisia do sometimes admit that the country in which they have settled is not exactly theirs: but the prospect of being treated there one day as foreigners, after having been rulers of the country, alarms and disgusts them. "Half the normal budget of Tunisia," they say, "is contributed by us or by our businesses. How then can it be suggested that we should have no share either in the executive or in the representative body?" To this the Tunisians reply: "We will give you all the guarantees you want for yourselves and for your property." "But what if you break your promises?" is then the rejoinder. "What safeguards would

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then remain to us? There are a hundred and one legal or illegal tricks for making life in a country intolerable to foreigners."

Technically, the position of the French in Tunisia is indefensible. In the terms on which the Protectorate was established there is no provision at all for the grant of internal political rights to French settlers. The only correct way for these people to qualify for membership of a Tunisian Parliament is to allow themselves to be naturalized Tunisian, or at the very least to accept a dual nationality. In fact, however, the French are in a strong position, because there is abundant evidence that the Tunisians would be unable to operate a large part of their economy without the assistance of French "know-how."

No explanation of current events would be complete without some reference to the "Palace." For nearly two and a half centuries the throne of Tunis has been occupied by the descendants of a Turkish Aga, Hussein ben Ali, who in 1705 repudiated the suzerainty of Constantinople. In this family the succession is not from father to son, but in order of seniority—i.e. usually from brother to brother, or from cousin to cousin, as used to be the case in Turkey. The present monarch, Sidi Lamine Bey, is an old gentleman of seventy, who is popular only in so far as he follows the Neo-Destour and is recognized by it as the "symbol of Tunisian sovereignty." It is said that, two months ago, he would have liked to be deposed and allowed to go into affluent retirement on the Riviera, rather than face further unpopularity at home. But his relations are perhaps more attached than he is to the advantages of power. His eldest son, Prince

Chadli, whom he had made his chief political adviser, is supposed to want an alteration in his favour of the present succession law. When last year, on March 26, Prime Minister Chenik, with whose services the Bey seemed quite unwilling to part, was on the point of being arrested with his principal collaborators, the rumour was current in Tunis that there would be a meeting of members of the Royal Family which would declare Lamine unfit to reign. The cousin next in line was waiting to succeed him, but forty-eight hours later Lamine lost his nerve, threw over M. Chenik, and accepted instead M. Baccouche, who had been in the offing for some time.

What will be the outcome of all this? The Baccouche Ministry only represents a small section of Tunisian opinion, and its main function is to facilitate a resumption of negotiations. On the other side, it is quite obvious that the French Government is most anxious to arrive at some compromise between the demands of the Tunisian nationalists and those of the French in Tunisia. It has reaffirmed its long-standing pledge to lead Tunisia by stages towards complete internal autonomy. It has drawn up a new programme of reforms on which it is hoped that a Commission (yet to be formed) of Frenchmen and Tunisians will reach agreement. But the inherent difficulties remain. Most of the French Tunisians have already condemned this new programme as going too far, while for most of the politically conscious native Tunisians it does not go far enough. We have not yet heard the last of Habib Bourguiba and the Neo-Destour.

PIERRE FREDERIX.

# THE TEXTILE SLUMP

By JULIAN AMERY, M.P.

THE slump in textiles at home and abroad casts a lengthening shadow over Lancashire, Cheshire, parts of Yorkshire and the rayon-producing centres of the Midlands and the South. Warehouses are overstocked. Retailers have to cut their prices at serious loss to themselves. Worst of all, unemployment has come back. In most mills, it is still only partial. There is employment three days a week and the traditional holidays are prolonged and unpaid. In a few, however, it is already total. Unemployment of this kind is hard to measure statistically: but, according to the best observers, the real figure is over 75,000.

The mills are making a valiant effort to hold their workers together. Co-operation between management and the unions continues to be good. But how long can all this continue? At a time of rising prices, tens of thousands of workers find their purchasing power cut by partial unemployment. With short-time in the mills, there is no opportunity to take advantage of the incentives offered in the Budget to those who work overtime. A sense of frustration and bitterness is returning. The prospect may be cheering for Mr. Bevan: but for the Conservative Party it is bleak. Too many people already regard the return of unemployment not as a coincidence with, but as a consequence of, the return of a Conservative Government.

What are the causes of the textile slump? The chief of them are worldwide in their effect. The post-war sellers' market, from which Britain benefited so much in the years after the War, already showed signs of com-

ing to an end in 1949. Consumers everywhere had all but finished making good the lean years. Then came the Korean War. Fear of another world conflict prompted consumers, and particularly large-scale retailers, to start buying again. They were determined to build up reserves against the danger of a return to the siege economy of war-time. The Korean War thus acted as an injection, reviving the declining textile market. The effect of this injection, however, is now wearing off; and the natural change from a sellers' to a buyers' market, which had already begun in 1949, has been resumed.

This development has been aggravated by the rearmament of the Western nations. American stockpiling in 1950 and 1951 forced up wool and cotton prices to unusual heights. As a result finished textile prices were soon driven to levels beyond the reach of the ordinary consumer. No very spectacular rise was needed to bring this about. The implementation of the rearmament programme here and in other countries has slowly but surely driven up the general price level everywhere. Forced to pay more for the day-to-day necessities of life, the consumer has had less to spare for less immediately necessary goods such as textiles. The rise in wool and cotton prices has thus combined with the general rise in the cost of living to put textile goods beyond the consumer's reach. The final touch to this process was perhaps provided by Dr. Dalton's speech at the Election advising consumers to hold off.

What is true of the individual consumer has also been true of nations. Countries like Australia and New

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Zealand have been overspending and their Governments have had to impose drastic cuts in consumption to restore their balance of payments position. Not unnaturally textiles have been among the first goods to come under the axe.

The main causes of the textile slump are thus, first, the natural disappearance of the post-war sellers' market; second, the shrinking of purchasing power produced by the rearmament of the Free World. These developments affect textile producers the world over. The British textile producers, however, are also suffering from a further development—the revival of foreign competition. Britain had a long start on her competitors in Japan and on the Continent of Europe in the early post-war years. But dollar investment in the former and Marshall Aid in the latter have now put most of our old rivals in the textile trades on their feet again. We are thus witnessing an increase in the number of textile producers at a time when the world market for textiles is shrinking. Foreign competition, however, has not been limited to the revival of the Japanese and Continental producers. During the War the cessation of textile exports led to a mushroom growth in local textile production in many parts of the world, particularly in South and Central America. These young industries prospered and secured tariff protection from their Governments. While the War lasted they could not expand beyond a certain point because of the shortage of textile machinery: but in the last few years that shortage has been largely remedied. Textile exporters like Britain are thus faced with the prospect not merely of a revival of their old competitors and of a recession in textiles, but of what may well be a permanent shrinkage in their overseas markets.

How can the textile slump be remedied? The Chancellor of the Exchequer has adopted a remedy first proposed in a letter to *The Times* some weeks ago by a well-known textile industrialist, Major Beddington Behrens. Mr. Butler proposes to spend between £25,000,000 and £30,000,000 in orders placed with the textile industry on behalf of the rearmament programme. This should provide employment for some 30,000 textile employees for several months and should thus have the effect of reducing present unemployment figures by half. This decision will be very welcome to the textile industries. It is, however, a palliative and not a remedy. It will help to hold together for a few months the labour force which the textile industries have built up with so much difficulty since the War. Once the money is spent, the fundamental problem will return. The Government and the industry will thus only gain a breathing space.

To find a more permanent solution it is necessary to consider three aspects of the problem confronting the textile industries. First, can anything be done to revive the home market? Second, can anything be done to revive the export market? Third, in so far as these questions have to be answered in the negative, should the textile industries as a whole be trimmed and their labour and capital "redeployed" in other more profitable or more useful directions?

First, then, the problem of the home market. After the War the textile industries concentrated especially upon the export market so as to take advantage of world demand and thus contribute to building up the national balance of payments. But it was always assumed that the time would come when the sellers' market abroad would recede and that the industry would

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then switch over to the home market. One means of achieving such a switch-over, which is widely canvassed by the textile industry at the present time, is the lifting of the purchase tax at least until the sellers' market abroad returns.

The lifting of the purchase tax would no doubt bring about some easement of the position in the home market. It would also encourage the demand for high-quality goods and so strengthen that section of the textile industries which will be most valuable to the nation when the overseas market begins to recover. There are, of course, objections to such a course. For one thing, it would cost the Exchequer somewhere in the region of £80,000,000 a year. For another, it might well precipitate buyers' strikes in other commodities and so lead to a demand for the total abolition of the purchase tax—a development which would call for a very considerable recasting of the whole Budget. On balance, however, there can be little doubt that, from the limited point of view of the textile industries, the remission of the purchase tax would be an important step towards reviving the home market for textiles.

Let us now turn to the overseas market and, first of all, to the Commonwealth market, which for several years has accounted for more than 50 per cent. of British textile exports. These exports have enjoyed preferential treatment in most Commonwealth markets since the beginning of the century. It is therefore very hard to say exactly how valuable the preferences have been to the textile industry. But a comparison between the figures of British and Japanese cotton exports in the '30s to those countries of the Commonwealth where we enjoyed preference and to those colonies in the Congo Basin Treaty Area where we did not, suggests that preferences and,

in certain cases, quantitative agreements were of the greatest value to the textile industry.

More recent evidence of the value of Preference may be found in the effects upon British cotton exports of the trade agreement concluded with Pakistan in April, 1951. The necessity for this agreement arose out of the partition of India. Before partition the value of the preferences which India gave to Britain was roughly equivalent to that of the preferences which the United Kingdom gave to India. But it so happened that, after partition, the value of the preferences which we secured in Pakistan was nearly four times as great as that of the preferences which Pakistan received in the United Kingdom. In these circumstances, it was natural that Pakistan should ask us either to extend the preferences which we gave to Pakistan exports or to accept a reduction of the preferences we enjoyed in Pakistan. Our adherence to the G.A.T.T. prevented us from extending existing preferences or introducing new ones. We had, therefore, to accept severe reductions in our preference margins in Pakistan. The preference on grey cloth was reduced from 45 per cent. to 5 per cent.; on printed cloth from 42 per cent. to 6 per cent.; on rayon fabrics from 30 per cent. to 10 per cent.; while a whole range of mixed textile exports lost their preference altogether. The result has been that, in the last twelve months, Japan has displaced the United Kingdom as Pakistan's chief supplier of cotton and rayon piece goods, while Italy has ousted the United Kingdom as the chief supplier of cotton yarn.

What has happened in Pakistan tends to confirm the view that if we are to safeguard our export markets in the Commonwealth we must denounce at least those sections of the G.A.T.T.

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which limit the United Kingdom's freedom to extend the policy of Imperial Preference. With raw materials at a premium, as they still are, it is essential that the United Kingdom should be in a position to offer not merely existing but new concessions to the Empire producer in the United Kingdom market, if we are to maintain—let alone extend—our present privileged position in the Commonwealth markets. In the same way it would seem desirable to secure a revision of the Congo Basin Treaties. An opportunity to do so may arise in respect at least of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, if the proposals for Central African Federation should be agreed. The change which Federation would involve in the status of these two territories would seem to call for a re-examination of the principles on which the Congo Basin Treaties were based.

Meanwhile there is another and shorter-term move which might be worth considering. Many of the Colonies, particularly those in West Africa, have built up substantial sterling balances. It is not possible under present conditions to release these balances for general expenditure. There is no reason, however, why some proportion of them should not be released to pay, under licence, for textile exports from this country. Such a move would help both to liquidate the sterling balances and to maintain employment in Britain.

Government policy to encourage a revival of the textile trade thus falls into two parts. For the short term, it should consist in the placing of orders in connection with the rearment programme—as Mr. Butler is already doing—and in the release of sterling balances for the specific purpose of financing textile purchases. For the longer term it might well consist of a

remission of the Purchase Tax so long as the recession continues, and of the denunciation of those provisions of the G.A.T.T. which prevent this country from extending the policy of Imperial Preference.

It is probable, however, that even if all these measures should be adopted, the United Kingdom will still be carrying too large a textile industry. The growth of textile production in other countries is not likely to be reversed. It is very doubtful, therefore, whether Lancashire can ever hope to return to the great days before 1914, or even to the sellers' market of 1945-49 when all our chief competitors were down. It would seem that the prosperity of the main textile centres will depend upon the development of more secondary industries of a different type. The rearment programme should facilitate the redeployment of labour and capital which this would involve. But it is important that it should be so designed as not to hurt the high-quality textile producers who are most likely to be able to regain their position in the world market. It would be comparatively easy in a period of rearment to absorb the surplus labour force from the textile industries. It would be very hard, however, as the post-war years have shown, to recruit that labour force again once it had been dispersed. Redeployment must, therefore, be carried out with great caution and with an eye on the long-term prospects of the different branches of the textile industries concerned.

It would be very rash to seek to prophesy the extent or duration of the textile slump. It may be that the decision of many retailers to cut their prices, coupled with the tax exemptions accorded by Mr. Butler to the lower and middle income groups, may help to restore the situation. It may also be that countries like Australia and New

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Zealand will begin buying again sooner than some observers expect. But it would be prudent to frame policy on less optimistic assumptions. It is therefore essential that both sides in industry should co-operate as closely as possible with one another and with the Government. Much has already been done to secure co-operation between management and labour by the great improvement which most mills have made, since the War, in such amenities as nurseries and canteens. But it is a pity that more has not been done to extend profit-sharing schemes and other forms

of co-partnership. Such initiatives will be harder to take now that there are no profits to share. Nevertheless, industrial relations in the mills have been good for many years and there is a fund of common sense on both sides of the cotton industry in Lancashire and of the woollen industry in Yorkshire. With some help from the Government, the British textile industry will, no doubt, weather this storm like so many in the past. The difficulties which it faces are not insuperable.

JULIAN AMERY.

## MR. TRUMAN BOWS OUT

By DENYS SMITH

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S decision to retire from official life, at least temporarily, when his present term expires, marked the beginning of a new phase in this year's political developments.

Forty-four words inserted into a routine political after-dinner speech devoted to bombarding the Republican lines with the conventional firecrackers of the hustings changed the character of the campaign, the situation of both Parties and the prospects of all candidates. The stunned surprise when the President's verbal salvo was turned into a *salvo atque vale* could almost be felt. There were some shouts of "No," but the President had hurried to the end of his speech and out of the hall before the majority there had time to realize the full import of what they had heard. "I shall not be a candidate for re-election. I have served my country long and, I think, efficiently and honestly. I shall not accept a renomination. I do not feel it is my duty to spend another

four years in the White House." The language was not so terse as the message which General William Tecumseh Sherman sent to the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1884, "I will not accept if nominated and will not serve if elected," but it was just as plain. There was none of the ambiguity left by President Calvin Coolidge when he announced a year before his final term expired, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928"—and was possibly surprised that he was not urged to change his mind as a matter of duty. Mr. Truman had definitely bowed out; he considered he had done his duty.

It was the timing more than the content of Mr. Truman's statement which caused surprise. Most people suspected that he would not run again, but thought that he might keep the country guessing till the last moment in order to retain control over his Party and influence the choice of a successor. Yet by retiring to the sidelines the President has perhaps increased

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rather than diminished his influence. At one stroke he removed the immediate cause of the great schism in the Democratic ranks—himself. An opportunity has been provided to heal the breach. As long as Mr. Truman was there even the opportunity did not exist. Now Mr. Truman has announced his forthcoming retirement he will speak as the disinterested elder statesman rather than the factional party politician. Mr. Truman's decision has thus improved the situation of the Democratic Party and at the same time deprived the Republicans of a campaign issue. They can no longer ask, "Do you want another four years of Mr. Truman?" The new Democratic candidate will not have to run on Mr. Truman's personal record.

What were the reasons behind Mr. Truman's decision? There was first of all the new constitutional amendment against more than two elective terms. Mr. Truman himself was exempted from the provisions of the amendment, but its adoption showed that the country did not approve the breach of the two-term tradition by President Roosevelt—a fact which undoubtedly carried weight. Then there were personal factors. Mrs. Truman was opposed to another four years in the White House (called by Mr. Truman "the most comfortable prison in the world"). She feared the effect on the President's health. The President also thought that he had earned a little peace and quiet. He was under pressure from his immediate entourage to run again, but in the absence of any, really compelling factor there were weightier reasons for retirement than for seeking re-election. He preferred to leave an assessment of his Presidency to the verdict of history, which he considers will be favourable, than to the judgment of the November polls, which might well be adverse.

For the first time in 20 years the Democratic Party will now be able to choose its leader freely. Three times President Roosevelt commanded his own renomination, while Mr. Truman was Mr. Roosevelt's choice for Vice-President rather than the choice of the Democratic Party. Mr. Truman has not only withdrawn as a candidate, but has insisted that he does not wish to influence the Party's choice of a successor. He has declared his belief in a free and open Convention. He has withdrawn in time for fair contests within the Party; and there is a remarkably large number of candidates who have entered the contest.

Heading the list is Senator Kefauver, a kind of Democratic flying saucer, whose course appears to defy the accepted laws of political gravity. If any other Democrat is to be nominated, Kefauver will be his chief opponent. Kefauver meets many of the evident requirements. He provides the voters with a fresh political face. He is free from any taint of Government corruption; in fact, his investigating committee helped to expose it. His chief handicap is that he does not meet the requirement that the new Democratic leader must be able to unite the Party. Kefauver is disliked by the Northern professionals and regarded as a brash newcomer by many of his Southern colleagues. But he is busy amassing delegates, and his campaign, which was once laughed at, is now taken very seriously.

It has become part of the American political legend that no Southerner can these days lead the Democratic Party. President Wilson came from the South, but some of the curse was removed when he became President of Princeton University and later Governor of New Jersey. Senator Russell, of Georgia, like Kefauver, labours under this geographical handicap. He was persuaded

## MR. TRUMAN BOWS OUT

to become a candidate by friends who considered that he was the best man to head off another Truman nomination. With Truman out of the picture, Senator Russell has been left fighting the air. But he will remain in the race with most of the old Confederate States behind him, not with any great expectation of success, but to see that no candidate is nominated who would carry on the Roosevelt-Truman tradition of strong centralized Government restricting both the powers of the State Governments and what the Southern wing term the freedom of the individual.

It was interesting to note that, when the President made known his decision not to be a candidate, the reporters attending the dinner made a bee-line not to the President, but to Governor Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois, sitting at another table. Mr. Truman did not openly designate the Illinois Governor as his heir apparent, though in an earlier press conference statement he had praised the Governor for his good administration and remarked that his experience well fitted him for the Presidency. But Mr. Stevenson has insisted that he is only a candidate to succeed himself as Governor. It seems clear that he is not just being coy, but is actually reluctant to become a Presidential candidate. However, during a television interview, when asked point blank, "Will you say that you will not accept the Democratic nomination," he replied, "I will not say that." If the Democratic Convention drafted him, he would undoubtedly accept. But in the meantime he will not join the jostling ranks of active candidates. *(Since Denys Smith wrote this paragraph Governor Stevenson has definitely stated that he will not be available for the Democratic nomination. Editor).*

At present the most likely outcome of the Democratic Convention appears

to be that Russell and Kefauver will both enter with a strong block of delegates. The two are unlikely to join forces and the way will be open for some other candidate with little initial delegate strength. One man who might surge to the front is Mr. Averell Harriman, who will have the backing of the strongest delegation at the Convention, that of New York, with ninety-four votes. When the Democrats make their choice they will know who their Republican opponent will be. This fact will influence their choice. There are many candidates who would look forward happily and confidently to a contest with Senator Taft, but would be reluctant to enter a probably losing race with General Eisenhower.

Just as Mr. Truman's decision weakened the pre-Convention campaign of Senator Russell, so did it affect the pre-Convention campaign of Senator Taft. Senator Taft's stock in trade has been to attack the Truman administration. The President, he frequently said, was his "favourite" Democratic candidate. Now attacking the President has become rather pointless. Senator Taft will be judged less by what he opposes than by what he stands for. President Truman in his turn had decided views on Senator Taft. It has frequently been said that the only thing which would have persuaded Mr. Truman to run again would have been the certainty that Senator Taft would be his Republican opponent. No one can deny after 1948 that Mr. Truman is one of the nation's most acute political analysts. His decision not to run can therefore be taken to indicate that he thinks Senator Taft's chances are now remote. The Republican Party professionals, who would feel happier with Taft than with Eisenhower, have no doubt pondered this. The over-riding objective of any party professional is to win. The

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President's apparent opinion that he could beat the Republicans under Taft but not under Eisenhower is something which they cannot afford to ignore. There is also the verdict of the test polls, inaccurate though they may be. It is hard to imagine the party professionals rallying wholeheartedly behind a man marked in advance as having less appeal to the voters than any possible rival except Mr. Truman, who has now withdrawn from the race.

Yet Senator Taft cannot be counted out. At one point, after General Eisenhower's victory in the New Hampshire primary and the successful write-in vote in Minnesota, Senator Taft's stock had fallen so low that his supporters began to wonder whether they should not transfer their support to General MacArthur, who could match some of the Eisenhower glamour. If Senator Taft had done badly in Wisconsin, a mid-western State regarded as Taft territory, his candidacy would have been checked. But the Senator did moderately well in Wisconsin and remarkably well in Nebraska, where he

secured a bigger write-in vote than General Eisenhower. It is true that Nebraska, unlike Minnesota, requires that a candidate's name be correctly written, so that all the result may have proved was that Taft was easier to spell. But whatever the reason, the combined results have kept Taft in the race. The probability now seems to be that Taft and Eisenhower will enter the Republican Convention neck and neck. It is then most likely that after the first two or three ballots Taft's supporters will begin to break away to Eisenhower, much as the Taft and Dewey delegations began to disintegrate when faced by Willkie in 1940. If they hold together and a deadlock is reached, then the chances of Governor Warren, of California, will be bright. There are no other serious possibilities to consider.

America needs a Republican victory. Twenty years with one Party in power and the other in opposition have proved bad for both. It seems likely that this year she will get a Republican victory.

DENYS SMITH.

## LOST OPPORTUNITY IN THE BALKANS?

By URSULA BRANSTON

**M**R. CHESTER WILMOT'S book, *The Struggle for Europe*, (which was reviewed in the March number of this Review by Mr. Attlee), has brought back into circulation the controversy whether the Western Allies could, or should, have mounted some form of Balkan operations in the Mediterranean theatre in 1943 or 1944; and, had they done so, whether this would have wrested any

substantial political advantage from Stalin at Yalta (if, in such circumstances, Yalta had taken place). Anyone who had anything even remotely to do with Central and Eastern Europe at that time will be caught up in a maze of recollection and reminiscence, from which the reproaches of Balkan friends will probably stand out most sharply.

It would, of course, be a perfect war in which the grand strategists were able

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to equate military plans with political objectives, not only some of the time but all the time. It is certainly an exaggeration to suggest that Stalin achieved this ideal, even though in the end he held the strongest political, as well as military, cards. For example, when he actually asked for a Second Front in the Balkans in 1941 he was forced, by a desperate situation, to risk his political "zone of influence" in deference to military necessity. But this only happened once. The relevant extract from Stalin's letter of September 4 is quoted by Mr. Churchill (but curiously omitted by Mr. Wilmot): "The only means of egress from this situation (loss of more than half the Ukraine; enemy at the gates of Leningrad) is to establish a Second Front *somewhere in the Balkans* or France. . . ." To this Mr. Churchill made specific reply: "There is no chance whatever of a Second Front being formed in the Balkans without the help of Turkey. Once the German and Italian forces in Libya have been destroyed, all the Allied forces should be available to come into line on your southern flank. . . ." It is worth while to reflect here that the direct help of Turkey never was forthcoming, even when the other conditions were fulfilled.

By the beginning of 1943, however, the maps of the Balkans, of Central and Eastern Europe, which metaphorically had hung with their faces to the wall since the fall of Crete, were brought back into the light by the Western commanders. Theirs was primarily a military study. But "on the other side of the hill" the Balkan peoples and their neighbours studied the maps with consuming political interest. At home or in exile, bound to the Axis or with their fortunes committed to the Allies, they felt a vibration through their whole being. Mr. Churchill sensed this when he told the Turks, after Cas-

blanca, that the summer months might see in the Mediterranean the largest operations in the power of Britain and the United States: "These operations, and above all the Italian attitude, will cause the very greatest agitation throughout the Balkans." For the majority it was an agitation of hope. But the Turks were not persuaded; they feared that their neighbours would become "Bolshevik or Slav" if Germany was defeated. One may admire their prescience, but also note that it was the hour of Russian victory at Stalingrad. By the end of 1943 the Russians had regained two-thirds of their territory held by the Germans, and had reached the Dnieper Bend.

Inevitably, the victims of first German, and then Russian, expansion in Central and Eastern Europe, as well as those who had witnessed the smash-and-grab of 1939 and 1940, tended to regard the defeat of the one or the victory of the other with nearly equal apprehension of resulting tyranny. The Poles, Rumanians and Hungarians had small doubt that the distinction between "Soviet" and "Tsarist" imperialism would prove very fine indeed. The former Rumanian Foreign Minister, Grigore Gafencu, writing from exile in Switzerland at the end of 1942, made the following assessment:—

The same aims in the West, the same thrust to the South, the same taste for partition, the same hostility to all ideas of limits, the same obstinacy in the application of the most audacious plans; everything seemed to conspire to revive the disturbing picture of the old imperialism of Moscow. . . .

The essential task on the day of peace will be to re-establish a limit in the East, in the region where, after the Moscow Pact, everything was confusion, movement and disorder. There is no task on which the peace and the very existence of the former continent (of Europe)

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depend more greatly. (*Prelude to the Russian Campaign*. Muller, 1945.)

Mr. Churchill, in a memorandum to Mr. Eden only a little earlier in time, had said privately that it would be a measureless disaster if "Russian barbarism" overlaid the culture and independence of the ancient States of Europe. "We cannot tell what sort of a Russia or what kind of Russian demands we shall have to face." The context of this memorandum was the future of world government after the War, on which tentative proposals were being exchanged between the Foreign Office and the State Department. He then sketched out his own conception of a Council of Europe to include confederations of the smaller Powers, among them a Danubian and a Balkan *bloc*.

In fact, movements of this character had been set in train by certain of the exiled governments in London early in 1942 when a Balkan Union was agreed on paper between Greece and Yugoslavia, and a similar arrangement was made between Poland and Czechoslovakia. The "friendly" Powers, including Russia, were informed beforehand of these arrangements, but were not, of course, parties to them. Nevertheless, Mr. Churchill's political thinking continued to run on these lines, as can be seen from the "Morning Thoughts" composed in his sleeping-car at Adana after the talks with the Turkish President. He certainly did not discount Soviet imperialism: but to this he interposed the prospect of a world organization under the United Nations, led by the victorious Powers, on the assumption of an end to American isolationism and some measure of Russian co-operation. Once again he referred to an "instrument of European government," and mentioned specifically a Danubian and a Balkan *bloc*.

These ideas were well received by the select American audience to whom he confided them in Washington a few months later, but they did not influence either President Roosevelt or his Chiefs of Staff to look with any real enthusiasm on the British plan for Balkan operations. Indeed, Mr. Churchill himself kept long-term political considerations separate from short-term military designs, appreciating as he did the delicate structure of the Grand Alliance. In persisting so strongly in his Balkan plans, the military motive was probably uppermost, for he was convinced such operations could help to shorten the War. The sooner victory was achieved, and the greater the Western contribution to victory, the better the chances of containing Soviet ambition.

Any notion that a full-scale Balkan campaign, involving British and/or American troops, was (or ever had been) contemplated dissolves in the light of Mr. Churchill's own notes prepared to win over American support for the invasion of Italy. He pointed to the void the Germans would have to fill in the Balkans if Italy was eliminated, and the advantage to us of access to the Adriatic in supplying Balkan resistance movements. But "we should not have the troops to engage in serious operations there, and His Majesty's Government do not contemplate or desire the provision of any organized force for the Balkan theatre, either this year or in any period with which we are concerned."

"This year," 1943, was full of signs and portents for the peoples of the Balkan region and their neighbours. Politically it may have been the decisive year, as 1944 was decisive militarily by reason of Russia's positive penetration. The Rumanians sent their last reserves to the Caucasus and sent out emissaries to the West, seeking frantically—as also were the Hungarians—for some escape

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clause in the formula of Unconditional Surrender. They were answered by an unequivocal No, but still they strained every nerve to believe that the British and Americans would be bound to look with favour on anti-Communist governments or groups. The Bulgarians, who had never declared war on Russia, prepared for a change of sides with relative tranquillity; they had executed this political manœuvre before. In Yugoslavia Tito's rise and Mihailovitch's fall could already be taken for granted. The Poles lost a great leader, General Sikorski, and continued to believe in miracles. President Benes began the process of Soviet orientation for Czechoslovakia through a pact of mutual assistance. The Greek underground remained locked in internecine strife. The Turks remained officially neutral.

By the end of the year, while knowing nothing of the inner decisions of Teheran, those who still clung to the hope of a joint Western-Soviet liberation were few indeed. They had to derive what comfort they could from Mr. Eden's statement to the House of Commons in December, in which he laid down three rules of guidance for British policy towards the Balkans: "First, to give all practical help in our power to those elements in these countries which are actively resisting the enemy. Second, to make clear that, so far as we can exert any authority, it shall be used to ensure that these countries shall be free to choose their own governments when they are liberated. Third, to work in the closest concert with our Allies."

It is still not sufficiently realized, perhaps, how prodigious was the British propaganda effort devoted to the acquittal of Russia from any suspicion of sinister motive. Mr. Denis Brogan has described it, in *The Price of Revolution*, as "the suspension of all

critical powers . . . in the Press, on the air, in Parliament, in publishing." This built up a most powerful sanction of public opinion against any apparent Western deviation. It also conveyed a special warning to the Axis satellites that they could no more hope to bargain with the West than with Russia. Rumania's dramatic break with Germany in August 1944 acknowledged this, as it also acknowledged the weight of Russian arms. This event may be taken as conclusive, for, as Mr. Hugh Seton Watson has said, "Rumania's change of front, together with the Tehran decisions not to open a front in the Balkans, decided the fate of Central Europe, decided that the Soviet Union should dominate the whole region, that its new order should be a Communist new order." (*The East European Revolution*. Methuen, 1950.)

But at the end of the year there was an intervention in the Balkans; a British intervention, strongly criticized in America and regarded by Russia with pure cynicism. For this action in suppressing the Communist revolutionaries in Greece, Mr. Churchill was accused of disarming "the friends of democracy." He replied that the alternative was the imposition of a Communist dictatorship which had been plotted for two years. It is interesting to recall the support he received from Mr. Ernest Bevin, who told an outraged Labour Party Conference: "In face of the conditions prevailing in the Balkan Peninsula, it is absolutely essential for British interests that Greece should not be allowed to fall into chaos."

These events occurred only a few weeks before Yalta. They did not change the course of agreements there, for the pattern was already fixed. We are told by Mr. Wilmot that, in the previous summer, Mr. Churchill had endeavoured to strike a political bargain with the Kremlin on controlling interests

in Central and Eastern Europe. Confirmation of this must wait on Mr. Churchill's own story. As to the decisions of Yalta, so ruthless in their consequences, history may show that their true origin lay not in the errors or

omissions of Roosevelt and Churchill, but in the Stalin-Hitler agreement of 1939, which might have lost the war for the West, and which certainly lost the peace for Central and Eastern Europe.

URSULA BRANSTON.

## THE CHARMS OF LONDON

By R. J. CRUIKSHANK

EVERY great city reminds one of the stage of a playhouse. The theatrical sets are sometimes mean, sometimes magnificent, sometimes nondescript. The generations cross the stage against a permanent backdrop which we like to think partly symbolizes the national character. Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, New York, Washington, Buenos Aires, present a scenic unity of building and design that London cannot match. But London possesses one great advantage. Its ancient stage is directed by a producer of genius who creates effects more exciting, mysterious and romantic than are to be found in any rival city. Who is this producer of genius? None other than London's peculiar and particular climate. The weather in the London streets may not be good for rheumatism or weak chests, but it is very good for poetry. It is in no small part due to this alchemy of the climate that London inspires an affection deeper and more intimate than that of other cities. It creates the illusion of a private magic, of a family ownership. When exiles from London gather in foreign places to solace one another with remembrance, they usually say something like, "Dear smoky old London," or "I'd like to see the No. 11 bus bowling past St. Paul's in the rain," and the

mood is as dedicated a one as that expressed in the lines:

Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing  
Cross.

It is a considerable miracle that the producer achieves with his lighting effects and the rest of his bag of tricks. For much of the city is ugly. It is shapeless. It is a triumph of higgledy-piggledy. Its charms are casual, its beauties notoriously vesperal and sequestered. Some of its noblest monuments are placed where they can never properly be seen, as though Londoners were embarrassed by the emotions of their architecture, and were ashamed of their own history. If a visitor sees London for the first time on a clear day in high summer, when the air is smokeless and the light is hard, the chances are that he will be depressed by the candid exposure of the dusty sprawl of the place, the boundless greyness that encircles the one apparently tolerable part of it—its bright West End. How shabby London then appears in contrast with the elegance of Paris! How flat look those wastes of dingy villas and warehouses in comparison with New York's parade of skyscrapers! In such fine weather the producer is plainly on holiday. Harsh daylight

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exposes the tattered tawdriness of the scenery and properties he uses. Who could believe that out of the huddles of dowdy buildings, the coils of undistinguished streets, he could create such mirages of grace and charm and loveliness as the view of the South Bank from Waterloo Bridge on an October morning?

Luckily for the lovers of London the days of the cruel candour of Southern light are few. Clouds, fogs, mists, hazes, rains of all orders from the gossamer to the rattling downpour, are more frequently the raiment the city wears than crystalline sunshine; and, except when it is very hot, the million chimneys of London, industrial and domestic, and the craft in the river, pour smoke and steam into the air. The atmospheric combinations are endless, and it is out of them that our wizard of a producer weaves those stage effects that awaken the sleeping poet in the Briton. I have sometimes thought, indeed, that if in a desperate effort to redress the decline in our invisible exports I were bidden to take charge of the "Come to Britain" campaign, I would lay emphasis upon the enchanting effects of London's peculiar climate rather than on her historic monuments, and would put out posters bearing such legends as "Our Mists are Magical," or "Come down to Kew in Fogful Time." Is this so far-fetched? I have heard visitors from the Middle West express their bitter disappointment that they had wasted a whole June in London without enjoying a single "pea-souper," complaining that the opening chapter of *Bleak House* had been a fraudulent prospectus. It is no wonder that three such painters of genius as Turner the Englishman, Whistler the American, and Claude Monet the French impressionist, were enthralled by the London scene. "And when the evening mist clothes the river-

side with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home. . . ." So wrote Whistler. And the London series of Monet shows us a city more gorgeous than Venice, swimming in peacock-coloured mists.

It is because of the subtle complexities and rich changes of atmosphere that the flow of the seasons in London is so captivating, so endlessly surprising. Spring is a matter of hints and guesses, of furtive gleams of almond flower in a dingy East End garden. Out in the country, spring comes thundering in like a tide, the green waves bursting in a spray of blossom over the orchards and hedgerows. All is profuse and riotous conquest—easy conquest. In London, spring's approach is stealthy; it executes a flank movement on the squares; it has all the waiting tenacity of an underground resistance movement. The particular dreamy lighting of spring days in London, the pencil strokes of sun through the smoky mists, the sudden glimpses of a faint sky of periwinkle blue, give a kind of wistful poignancy to a Cockney April. The woods of Surrey may be swarming with crocuses, but does that anonymous host of beauty ever arouse the personal emotion that we feel when we see the first small blue or yellow spear jutting up in the Temple Gardens? The wind at that moment may carry towards us, and over us, the smoke of the coal barge on its way to Battersea Power Station or Wandsworth Gas Works, but the rich dimness of the atmosphere is appropriate, and even Shakespearian. One thinks of spring in London as perhaps belonging most of all to the East End. It is the struggle of the green

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shoot to break through the mortar; of a gnarled and stunted old apple tree to put out flowers in a sooty air. This is a miracle transcending the glory of the April forests and uplands. In the old burial grounds, turned into public gardens by Victorian philanthropy, "blossom by blossom the spring begins." And if a sailor wandering along Commercial Road East starts up "Happy days are here again" on his mouth-organ, then so much the better for the capturing of the mood. The mouth-organ is the bricks-and-mortar substitute for the blackbird.

In similar mood, I find that September in London is best savoured in Kensington. The Palace, the Gardens and the squares combine to express the elegy of the year. The red brick of the buildings and the red leaves of the three-decker trees glow like rubies. Not at Burnham Beeches itself does one get a more powerful impression of the glory of autumn. Are there more golden mists to be found anywhere?

As to winter in London, that is in truth the title of Mr. Ivor Brown's most engaging book. No lesser writer would strive weakly to imitate what Mr. Brown has done once for all, namely to celebrate the splendours of November haze. "The delicate tints of a winter sunset," he writes, "recall the necks of those London pigeons, who circle and swoop round the charitable donors of bread in Trafalgar Square: with wine-grey pink and tender blue these city-haunting mendicants present the many-tinted image of a winter sunset when the sky is clear enough." We may feel with Mr. Brown that the atmospheric effects of winter provide compensation for the dreariness of all-day rains, the battering of wind and the long tyranny of darkness.

But summer days now lie ahead. In any summer, unless it prove a

hopelessly ruined one, I would recommend a visitor to taste its pleasures, as soon as he may, by travelling on London's long-neglected highway, the River Thames. This will afford him a variety of handsome prospects and startlingly fresh views of some old landmarks. One derives from this a pleasant sensation of catching the city off guard, of dodging the curators, of finding new meanings and combinations among the legacies of the centuries. Apart from this, the river is a perfect place from which to watch the pageant of those gorgeous cumulus clouds that fill our skies on most of the fine days of a normal summer. These are among London's least-advertised "sights," but they store a Londoner's memory with pictures. One recalls the "summer note" of London as being made up of these white drifts of splendour behind the dome of St. Paul's. A trip on the river steamer from Putney to Greenwich gives one, as nothing else can do, a notion of the diversity of the charms of London. Barnes Reach, at the starting point, presents as pretty a pastoral scene as may be found anywhere on the river, the crowding richness of trees mirrored in the Thames, and, as often as not, melting into the silveriest mists. But on the other side of Putney Bridge one is plunged into raw commercialism—cranes, derricks, railway lines, coal barges—a minor Pool of London, tarnished by oil exhausts, dominated by the gasworks, whose smoky air produces fine sunsets. There is a similar contrast on Battersea Reach. The magnificent trees of Battersea Park face the thickets of the Royal Hospital grounds. Then comes that overwhelming monument of the machine age, the Power Station, flaunting its pennons of steam. The contrasts are linked—and opposed—all the way down the river; the rural and the

intensely urban, the palaces of Westminster and the huddled warehouses of the South side, and bathing them all, subduing them, reconciling their sharp

contradictions, and transmuting them with its own magic, the subtle, moist, changeful London atmosphere.

R. J. CRUIKSHANK.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

**N**OW that the racial issue in South Africa has become more than ever acute, the thoughts of many must naturally be reverting to the man who proclaimed the principle of "equal rights for all civilised men." In the "Episodes of the Month" for May, 1902, appear the following comments on the death of Cecil Rhodes. Read to-day, they have a special interest and poignancy.

After a long and painful illness, during which he had borne his sufferings with uncomplaining stoicism, the greatest of South Africans passed painlessly away in a little shanty at Muizenburg . . . on March 26. The British world had watched his bedside with the deepest sympathy, and hoped against hope that Mr. Rhodes might be spared for the great work which lay in front of him. But this was not to be, and he died in the consciousness that his work was unachieved, with Tennyson's beautiful lines from *In Memoriam* on his lips:—

So many worlds; so much to do;  
So little done; such things to be.

Some even of the most enthusiastic of Mr. Rhodes' biographers seem inclined to challenge his own view of his life's work, and to treat it as a completed chapter; we venture to maintain, however, that the more discriminating view is expressed in the message of Lord Milner, who is no flatterer, to a Kimberley newspaper, in which the High Commissioner declared that, from the South African point of view, Mr. Rhodes' loss is "irreparable." It is open to Englishmen who had "doubt, hesitation, and

pain," not only as to Mr. Rhodes' methods, but even as to his ultimate goal . . . to believe that his future influence in welding the British and Dutch races together after the present desolating struggle might have completely atoned for any blunders which he may have perpetrated in the past. And it is common knowledge that Lord Milner counted upon his influence as an invaluable factor in the coming settlement. These two dissimilar but remarkable men keenly appreciated one another, and one of the things that will count to Mr. Rhodes for righteousness was his unwavering loyalty to the High Commissioner during the critical days of 1899 when there were plenty of people anxious to make mischief between them and not a few opportunities of doing it.

Mr. Rhodes' body was removed to Groote Schuur, where it lay for some days, that his many thousand mourners might say farewell. The Cape Government naturally decided upon a State funeral, and the first stage of the obsequies took place in Cape Town Cathedral on April 3. For the moment all differences were buried. Prominent in the procession which accompanied the coffin from the Houses of Parliament to the Cathedral were Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer, Mr. Molteno, and other Africander members. The Archbishop of Cape Town preached a striking sermon, dwelling on the religious side of Mr. Rhodes' nature. Still more impressive was the subsequent funeral journey to Buluwayo, lasting many days owing to the constant stoppages, and the burial in the chosen tomb in the Matoppos

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Hills at noon on April 10. A procession five miles long left the capital of Rhodesia in the early morning, moving slowly through the hills and gorges. . . . At the grave Mr. Kipling's noble poem was read by the Bishop of Mashonaland. The closing stanza being as follows :—

There, till the vision he foresaw  
Splendid and whole arise,  
And unimagined empires draw  
To council 'neath his skies,  
The immense and brooding spirit still  
Shall quicken and control.  
Living he was the land, and dead  
His soul shall be her soul.

. . . At the same moment . . . took place a magnificent memorial service in St. Paul's, attended by a company such as even the national cathedral has rarely contained, while another memorial service was held at the same time at the parish church of Bishop Stortford, Mr. Rhodes' birthplace.

The public had hardly recovered from the sensation which the death of a man filling such a large place as Mr. Rhodes necessarily caused, when its breath was, so to speak, taken away by a still greater sensation in the shape of his Will, which instinctively carried men's minds back to the Will of Caesar, who followed up his public service by dedicating his wealth to the public cause. Neither in our generation nor in any generations known to ours has there been any testamentary conception to be compared to the lofty ambition of Mr. Rhodes. We can only hope that the execution of his scheme may be worthy of its inspiration, and that the great objects in view may be attained. . . .

The same number of *The National Review* contained an article by Professor Thomas Case entitled "The Influence of Mr. Rhodes' Will on Oxford." This begins with the words :—

Nobody can doubt the noble purpose of Rhodes' Will, or his affectionate generosity to his old University. Few Englishmen will deny his wisdom in aiming at a good understanding between all English-speaking peoples. Indeed, a wise and good intention pervades his whole Will. But the question is not about intentions but about effects. The object of this article is to distinguish between the bequests which affect Oxford, and to contend that, on the one hand, the legacies to Oriel are an unmixed good, on the other hand, the foundation of Colonial, American, and German scholarships, tenable at Oxford, will be good or evil, according to the use or abuse of the gift by the University itself.

Professor Case was afraid that the new scholarships might lead to a debasement of academic standards and, in particular, to the abandonment of Greek as a necessary qualification.

The Rhodes scholarships will bring the Greek question to a crisis. Oxford will shortly find herself confronted by the following momentous question: Is she to extend her qualification of Greek, Latin and mathematics over the world, or is she to allow the world to lower her standard?

Though the author was able to end his article on an optimistic note, he would probably be shocked at the changes which the Oxford curriculum has undergone since his day. But most people would nevertheless agree that the Rhodes scholarships, so far from doing any harm to Oxford, have in general added to the University's influence and reputation, while they have given greater variety to its undergraduate population and, above all, another precious element of unity to the English-speaking world.

# BOOKS NEW AND OLD

## THE LAUREATE AND OTHERS \*

By ERIC GILLETT

**I**F I were asked to name the literary event which caused the greatest sensation in this country during the present century, I should reply, without the slightest hesitation, that it was the appearance of John Masefield's *The Everlasting Mercy* in *The English Review* in an issue of 1910. The interest aroused was so remarkable that a second printing was called for. When the poem appeared in book form, edition followed edition with overwhelming rapidity. It is not too much to say that as a result of Dr. Masefield's overwhelming success, public interest was aroused not only in his own work, but in contemporary poetry generally that was very healthy indeed. The reasons for the poem's wide appeal were not difficult to discover. The plot was dramatic and realistic, and so was the treatment. The theme was noble. There were glimpses of lyric beauty here and there. Above all, the poet had told a story. It was easy to read and it provided stuff for thought. Here, said the critics, is a narrative poet, and it must not be forgotten that all the great poetical successes have been written by narrative poets. Byron, Scott, and Macaulay did very well for themselves. Dr. Masefield, in his fascinating new autobiographical book, *So Long to Learn*, remarks in his very first paragraph that the life work of his choice has been "the finding, framing and telling of stories, in verse, and prose, according to the tale and the power within me." He has done much other work, but this is "the work beyond all other work to which my nature called."

*So Long to Learn* is the record of his imaginative and creative powers. As might be expected it is a most modest tale. No living English writer has the all-round literary accomplishment of the Laureate. Only Mr. Belloc can rival him in so many different media. Dr. Masefield has had for many years, and still possesses, an immense popular vogue, and as is almost always the case with authors who enjoy this experience, it has been his fortune to experience increasing neglect from highbrow critics in his later life. They might well attend to the admirable dicta scattered through his latest book. He has a word for the Victorians:

"It is not possible to persuade the living that the late Victorian time was in all intellectual ways immeasurably ahead of any time that has succeeded. Those who knew that time know the truth about it, and are the first to admit its defects. Those who did not know the time seem incapable of perceiving anything else."

This is a dangerous book to quote from because one quotation leads to another, and there is much that is wise and sometimes demurely witty in the wide range of observations that passes

\* *So Long to Learn*. By John Masefield. Heinemann. 18s.

*Chiaroscuro*. By Augustus John. Cape. 30s.

*Robert Ross, Friend of Friends*. Edited by Margery Ross. Cape. 30s.

*My India*. By Jim Corbett. Cumberlege. 10s. 6d.

*Madeleine Grown Up*. By Mrs. Robert Henrey. Dent. 15s.

*A War of Shadows*. By W. Stanley Moss. Boardman. 12s. 6d.

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easily from a detailed portrait of W. B. Yeats to an interesting account of the author's experiences at the Oxford poetry-reading contests. It is pleasant to know that Dr. Masefield is continuing his essays in autobiography.

Mr. Augustus John calls his *Chiaroscuro* a first series of fragments of autobiography. It seems that about twenty years ago T. E. Lawrence was attracted by a preface contributed by Mr. John to a show of paintings. As a result the artist made a contract for an autobiography with his present publisher and then "failed to produce the goods within the time allotted." *Chiaroscuro* is a collection of sketches and incidents. It reads and sounds like very lively table talk. The author sprays his prejudices and opinions all over the place with fine impartiality. There is a magnificent lack of cant or humbug in all of them, and his artist's eye helps him to hit off a vivid impression in a few lines. *Chiaroscuro* is admirable for occasional reading. I have been using it and also *Robert Ross, Friend of Friends* for reading at bedtime, and both books are so full of good things that they threaten literary indigestion if read straight through. Ross's loyalty to Oscar Wilde and his services to his friend's estate and to his family have never been shown so clearly before. Miss Margery Ross has compiled a most judiciously selected volume of letters to her uncle from a host of celebrities, with some letters of his in reply and some extracts from his published articles and speeches. The most notable thing that emerges from this witty, colourful correspondence is Ross's quality as a critic of art and literature and his extreme sensibility in maintaining the friendliest of relationships with a large number of diverse characters who made very full demands upon his time and his patience. George Moore and Edmund Gosse invited and

accepted his comments on their writings. Ricketts, Tonks, Beardsley, Sickert and others wrote to him on artistic matters. The young poets of the 1914 war, Graves, Sassoon, and Robert Nichols recognized him as the friend and helper that he was. It is often said that letter writing in the grand manner went out with the nineteenth century, and this is probably true. This book contains more than three hundred pages of fascinating correspondence, written in colloquial terms, and it throws light on all kinds of questions that excited literary and artistic circles at the beginning of the present century. There are men who act as magnets for the confidences of their friends. It would be difficult to know how Ross managed to live his own life when so many people made demands upon him, if one did not realize that the extraordinary power of friendship was the mainspring of his existence. A curious and rather pathetic feature is the very real promise to be found in several letters from Cyril Holland, who was visiting remote parts of Asia in 1913. He was Oscar Wilde's elder son and he was killed in action two years later.

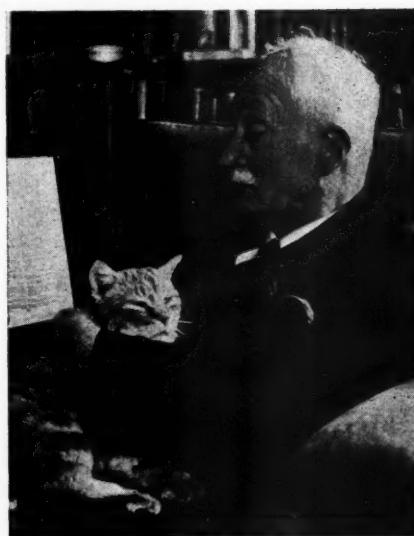
When Colonel Jim Corbett brought out his *Man-Eaters of Kumaon* a few years ago, it was generally recognized as the best book about big game ever written. It revealed the author as an extraordinarily sensitive observer of jungle life and hinted once or twice at his own unusual upbringing. I hoped at the time that he would write his autobiography at length, but so far shyness or modesty have prevented him from doing so. His new book, *My India*, could only be called disappointing because it is tantalizing. Colonel Corbett is a writer who excels when he is describing himself in action. No one has ever written with such sympathy and knowledge about tigers as he has done: "A tiger is a large-hearted

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gentleman with boundless courage" is his verdict. He writes with equal sympathy and understanding of the Indians who were his workpeople when he was for twenty years an official on the Indian railways. *My India* is mainly about them and the book is made up of stories or episodes and is not a continuous narrative. Colonel Corbett is enthusiastic about the people of the hills, their loyalty, their endurance, their kindness and their devotion. He shows himself to be as clear-sighted an interpreter of their way of life as he has proved himself to be of that of the wild things in the jungle: "In my India," he writes, "the India I know, there are four hundred million people, ninety per cent of whom are simple, honest, brave, hard-working souls whose daily prayer to God, and to whatever Government is in power, is to give them security of life and of property to enable them to enjoy the fruits of their labours."

For nearly seventy years Colonel Corbett lived among these people and his knowledge of them is shown in every line he has written about them, but I hope that now he is living in retirement in Nairobi he will find the time and detachment to paint a full-length picture of his own life with its Indian background. It should be enthralling if only the author will allow his excessive modesty to take a holiday until the book is written.

Mrs. Robert Henrey is one of the literary phenomena of the time. A Parisienne, who did not come to this country until she was twenty, Mrs. Henrey has achieved a mastery over our language which is remarkable. It is allied to a ready memory for detail that enables her to reconstruct without the slightest difficulty scenes and occurrences that happened years ago. Last year *The Little Madeleine* gave Mrs. Henrey's childhood, a frugal, difficult period, passed mostly in dire poverty in



JOHN MASEFIELD.

(Photo : Keystone Press.)

Paris. Mrs. Henrey's gift for evoking the past was exercised so successfully here that one reviewer called her "a female Balzac" by way of compliment. I believe that Mrs. Henrey has a power, not very common among autobiographers, of showing the motives of human behaviour. She is a descriptive writer of real ability, and occasionally of genius. Above all she is an enthusiast who will proclaim her loves generously because she wants to communicate them to her readers. Her latest instalment of autobiography, *Madeleine Grown Up*, covers less than two years of life spent mostly in London, working as a manicurist at the Savoy Hotel in 1928-1929. Although Mrs. Henrey met all manner of interesting people there, the real hero of the book is London itself, providing the perfect background to youth and love. There is little that is Balzacian here. Mrs. Henrey reveals herself as a sworn romantic. *Madeleine Grown Up* strengthens my conviction that its brilliant writer will complete in due course an autobiography that will

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be read for a long time to come. Her love of places and people is an infectious thing.

This is a comment that might be made also of Mr. W. Stanley Moss, whose intrepid performance in carrying off a German general in Crete was recorded in his vivacious *Ill Met by Moonlight*. *A War of Shadows*, continuing the author's war experiences as a secret agent, covers a wider field of action. To begin with, there is another German general to be captured, but he does not prove to be as accommodating as his predecessor was. Mr. Moss's difficulties with Communists, who betray him, are told as a kind of tragi-comedy. Here is an author with a humorously sardonic eye. He is very much a realist who can enjoy a few days lotus eating in Cairo as fully as, in a different way, he can savour the ludicrous and infuriating behaviour of a farcical Communist general in Macedonia. The picture of the irritating and sometimes insoluble problems presented by our Communist "allies" in this sphere of action should be read carefully by anyone who wishes to understand what is happening in Greece and Macedonia to-day.

Mr. Moss was not fated to end his war experiences in a state of acute frustration on this front. After a time of training in jungle warfare in Ceylon he was parachuted into Siam in order to accept the surrender of the Japanese on the Siamese-Malay frontier. Mr. Moss's luck for meeting odd people did not desert him here, and the best of his collection of eccentrics is Captain Kageyama, of the Japanese army, whose grandiose schemes were a constant joy to Mr. Moss and his companions, as long as they were taken in small instalments. Having been taken on as official interpreter, Kageyama's sense of personal importance got the

better of him, and he came to believe that the destiny of Japan lay in his hands. He heard that Japanese forces in Sittang were still fighting and he asked that he might be flown there and dropped by parachute. He was certain that he could persuade his fellow countrymen to cease hostilities. He was informed that fighting in the area had stopped some days before, and in any case, he was asked, was he a parachutist?

"No," he said, "I am not. That is to say, not yet. But I am over sixty years of age, and I feel that if I do not jump soon it will be too late. My eldest son is a parachutist. I have eight sons altogether. They will all probably be parachutists—so I want to be one too."

Kageyama's luck was out, and he endeavoured to console himself by devising schemes which would enable him to use his influence with personages as diverse as General MacArthur, Mr. Baldwin, and Lord Louis Mountbatten; and in the end it took some persuasion to head him off an even more ambitious project—a flight to England to interview the King. He found some compensation in a mission in charge of a fleet of fishing smacks travelling with a cargo of rice to Bangkok. Into this task, it appears, he hurled himself with an explosion of enthusiasm and released frustration.

*A War of Shadows* is one more tribute to the astonishing diversity of the methods employed in the last war. It is also a high-spirited and enthralling book, which makes me look forward with keen interest to a forthcoming event in the world of the cinema, where Mr. Carol Reed has decided to make a film out of Mr. Moss's first novel, *Bats with Baby Faces*. It ought to be an engaging affair.

ERIC GILLETT.

# STRANGE AND HORRIBLE WORLD\*

By SIR HAROLD SCOTT, K.C.B., K.B.E.

MUCH of this book seems to be written in a foreign language, and even the devotee of the Hollywood film will find here words that are new to him. Violent and ugly, they are in themselves a mirror of the strange and horrible world the author sets out to portray. *Punks, hoods and hoodlums, plug-uglies, sporters and triggers* operate a series of *gimmicks* in which *kickbacks, loan sharking* and *shylocking* provide the funds for the *luxury apartments and shiny convertibles* of the bosses. Into this macabre world the author, Burton B. Turkus, entered in 1940, when Judge O'Dwyer, District Attorney for Brooklyn, made him Assistant District Attorney in charge of the Homicide Section. In this position Turkus became responsible for a series of prosecutions which uncovered a nation-wide union operating every kind of racket with the aid of organized murder.

It was in 1934 that Johnny Torrio conceived the idea of streamlining crime by eliminating the fights between rival gangs, and he persuaded all the principal mob leaders to work together. Each boss remained supreme in his own territory and no organized lawlessness was allowed there without his sanction unless he was overruled by the board. So was created a cartel for crime—Murder Incorporated—a confederation working towards a common goal. As the author puts it: "Just as men of noble purpose had met a century and a half before to form the United States of America, so now a handful of evil delegates, inspired by

no noble purpose at all, met together to establish a more perfect union for crime."

The Homicide Squad began by assigning police to every street corner where the toughs were accustomed to loaf around, charging them with vagrancy or any other offence on which they could be brought in. But the vagrancy sentences were comparatively short and when they expired the hoods would be back again ready for business as usual.

The Homicide Section pondered their next move but saw no light until a letter arrived from Harry Rudolph, an inmate of the City Workhouse, asking to talk to the District Attorney and adding: "I know something about a murder in East New York." He was seen and gave information about the murder of Red Alpert, about which for six years no one had admitted any knowledge at all. And no wonder! For it was a guiding principle of the bosses of Murder Incorporated that no one could be convicted without witnesses, and any gangster or accomplice who knew too much or showed signs of insubordination was ruthlessly "hit" on the order of a Kangaroo Court where the head bosses sat as justices.

Rudolph's information provided the first break. He named Dukey Mafetore, Kid Twist (Reles) and Buggy as the killers of his friend Red Alpert. Dukey was induced to talk and, when publicity was given to his story, Reles gave himself up, not doubting his

\* *Murder Inc.* B. B. Turkus. Gollancz. 16s.

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ability to get out of the charge as he had often done before. There was little chance of getting a conviction on Dukey's evidence alone: he was a mere tool, of low intelligence. But on his information one "Pretty" was brought in—just in time, for he had been marked down for liquidation. Through fear for his wife and child, Pretty decided to talk, and the rumour that certain "canaries" had begun to "sing" created a tense atmosphere in Brooklyn mob society. The police dropped hints here and there to keep the rumour alive and every mob leader was racking his brain trying to recall whether Dukey or Pretty had been close by when he committed some crime.

It was essential, if the investigation were not to collapse, to find some top mobster who could give all the answers and show why the killings had been done. Reles would be the perfect fit. But of one thing both the Law and the mob were positive: Reles would never break. And then Mrs. Reles walked into the District Attorney's office. "My husband," she said, "wants an interview with the Law." It was too good to be true, for since January, 1930, when he was arrested for murder, he had been arrested on some charge or other on an average once every seventy-eight days; and had walked out free and clear time after time. Though charged with murder six times he never faced a jury, and the Magistrates' Court had discharged him "for lack of evidence."

This time, convinced that others were talking, Reles determined to save his skin by striking a bargain with the Law. His story, confirmed to the hilt by police enquiries, is that of the formation and *modus operandi* of Murder Incorporated. For twelve days he kept stenographers working in relays as he described a nation-wide scheme of extortion and gave details of

eighty-five killings in Brooklyn alone.

For almost a decade the syndicate had levied tribute on virtually every citizen, though most of them never knew it. From Florida to the West, gambling saloons and slot machines, narcotics and prostitutes, brought in millions of dollars. Restaurant keepers paid for protection on the threat that a gas bomb on their premises or worms in the bread would ruin their business. Employers were supplied with strong-arm men to break strikes and trade unions employed them to fight the employers. Both sides of industry were bled. Milling, clothing, transport, banking, offices, cinemas—all paid tribute. And whenever necessary, a murder could be arranged to leave no trace. A nation-wide "wire service" was provided, primarily for the benefit of bookmakers: but, once established, it enabled the syndicate to keep ahead of every move of the law enforcement agencies.

On Reles's information one after another of the bosses was arrested and charged with murder, and seven ended in the electric chair. The story of their crimes exceeds in horror any murder story in fiction. Beside it de Quincey's *Murder as a Fine Art* is the work of an amateur. The narrative is told largely in the words of the criminals themselves. It is compiled with skill and vigour and one grisly episode succeeds another with the clear-cut outline of a high-class photograph. The cold-blooded efficiency of the syndicate bosses as they assigned missions to their underlings is only matched by confidence in their ability to buy the aid of magistrates and politicians when any of their number fell into the hands of the Law.

The end of Reles himself was significant. He "fell" out of the window of a heavily protected apartment on the sixth floor of an hotel on Coney Island,

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where he was closely guarded by detectives. A key witness, he died in the middle of the biggest of all Murder Incorporated trials, and the author gives his reason for thinking that murder, not suicide, was the explanation.

The closing chapter of the book is an attack on Mayor O'Dwyer, on which it would be out of place for an English reviewer to comment. But we can all applaud the author's closing appeal to the American public to insist on measures to exclude the crooked official from ever getting into office.

HAROLD SCOTT.

### A RENAISSANCE GIANT

TINTORETTO. Eric Newton. *Longmans*. 50s.

MR. NEWTON is one of the very few week-by-week art critics in this country who writes also with understanding and enthusiasm about the art of the past. In the present work he has followed his popular history of European painting and his more theoretical study *The Meaning of Beauty* with a full-length critical and historical assessment of a single great artist. It has become a cliché to point out that each generation has to re-interpret the old masters for itself, in the same way that each generation has to make its own translations of Homer and Virgil. Here we find Mr. Newton performing this service for Tintoretto; "if I am right in thinking that Tintoretto has something to say to my own generation which he did not say to previous generations," he writes in his Preface, "then I need not apologize too humbly for tackling an old theme."

The distinction between the art-critic and the art-historian is always difficult to define. It is partly a distinction of subject-matter; the critic normally concerns himself with the art of his day, the historian with the art of the past and with those broader issues of style-development that take whole centuries and periods in their

stride. Each when he turns to the other's professional subject-matter must adopt something of the other's approach; but he also brings with him an attitude of mind grown habitual in the practice of his own profession—and thus each will write a different book out of the same given material. It is—or should be—a main preoccupation of the professional critic to estimate and interpret the art of his contemporaries for a large body of general readers—not necessarily specialists. Thus when Mr. Newton sets himself to interpret Tintoretto, we expect not only the historical facts and such historical theorizing as arises out of them, but also a lively relation of those facts to the sentiments and attitudes of the present day. By this I do not just mean a handful of references to Renoir, Degas and Henry Moore; more than this, I mean that Mr. Newton would never have chosen to write about Tintoretto, rather than Titian, Michelangelo or any other of the Renaissance giants, unless he had felt in him some particular contemporary significance—and this is what I chiefly looked forward to finding in his book.

On the whole I was a little disappointed. It is possible perhaps that in addressing himself to a full-scale art-historical study, the critic may have consciously submerged himself in the historian. But whatever the reason, Mr. Newton does not seem to me to have written an essentially "1952" book, in the sense that such eminent forerunners as Ruskin or Roger Fry wrote historical art-criticism for their generations. Once that has been said, it is possible to praise his book for a number of outstanding virtues. It is well and vividly written, which is considerably more than can be said for much writing by professional art-historians; it communicates a powerful enthusiasm; and it is a "book about" as opposed to "notes towards" or "an introduction to" its subject. One can imagine its being read with enjoyment, and not just flipped through, by non-professional readers. On the physical side it is very well-produced and has over seventy illustrations.

As history there is also much to admire in Mr. Newton's work. He has taken his

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task seriously and has succeeded in ordering a large body of fact and theory. On one important point of analysis, however, it is necessary to examine his views with some care. In his preface and on an early page he slips in a few paragraphs on the subject of Mannerism. Now "Mannerism," as applied to the history of art, is a term used to describe a number of cognate developments of style which took place in the visual—and perhaps other—arts between about 1520 and the end of the 16th century. It thus provided the artistic climate in which Tintoretto grew up and worked; and Tintoretto is normally described as a Mannerist painter. Part of Mr. Newton's thesis is to deny the correctness of this description. Instead he claims that Tintoretto "managed to short-circuit straight from High Renaissance to Baroque." *The Miracle of St. Mark* of 1548 he describes as "the first Baroque picture." And again and again through his book he repeats such denials and assertions. But nowhere, apart from those few early paragraphs, does he give his readers an analysis of Mannerism; and the analysis offered at that point is inadequate and dangerously partial. "The strongest impression left behind by a typical Mannerist painting," he writes, "is that the artist has derived hardly anything direct from nature. . . . The result, as is well known, is a kind of morbid pedantry not far removed from parody." Now whether or not one agrees with his conclusion that Tintoretto was not a Mannerist, it would seem that something more than this type of reasoning is necessary to demonstrate its truth. His positive arguments from the direction of Baroque are hardly more convincing, and with but little alteration could be adapted to "prove" that such accepted Mannerist painters as Giulio Romano or Beccafumi were in reality Baroque. In short, Mr. Newton says little or nothing to upset the commonly held view that Tintoretto was a Mannerist; this is not, of course, to suggest that his achievements did not help to prepare the ground for the Baroque style—but then no one has ever suggested that.

Mr. Newton has given a considerable amount of thought to the chronology of Tintoretto's paintings. This important question has in the past produced a bewildering conflict of answers from different scholars, and it is greatly to Mr. Newton's credit that his solutions are generally so acceptable. In this part of his work he has been able to make use of the valuable researches of his wife, who contributes an appendix on the dating of seven works on the basis of the fashions and styles of hair-dressing shown in them. An accurate understanding of the development of fashions in dress and adornment can be of the greatest use in the tracing of pictorial chronology, as was shown in the arrangement of the Nicholas Hilliard Exhibition some years ago. I believe that this is the first time that the principle has been systematically used in discussing the work of any of the great Italian painters.

JONATHAN MAYNE.

### SMALL BUT RICH

OXFORDSHIRE. County Books Series. Joanna Cannan. *Robert Hale*. 18s. net.

LET it be said at once that this is an agreeable and delightful book, which will both give pleasure to its readers and excite their interest in "this small shire." Small Oxfordshire is, but a glance at the illustrations of this book—numerous, beautiful, and sometimes superb—is sufficient to show the rich variety of scenery and buildings which the county has to offer.

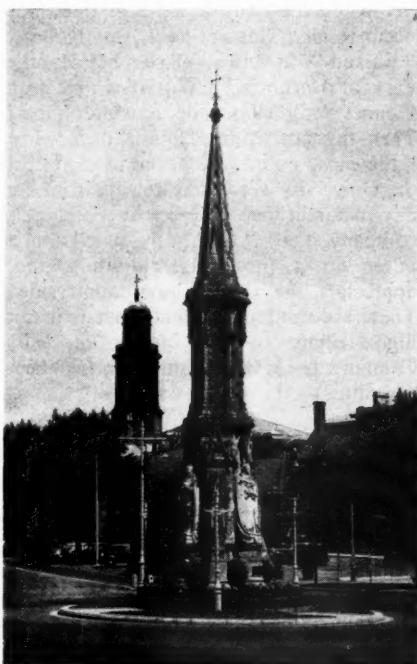
To write a volume in *The County Books* series must be a difficult task, for clearly either a prosaic history or a descriptive survey would be insufficient and unsatisfactory. The object must surely be to endue the chosen county with a meaning, a spirit, almost a personality of its own. In some cases, maybe, that difficulty may not be so formidable as it at first appears; Cornwall, for example, or Sussex or Lancashire may be said to have imposed their individuality upon us already. But Oxfordshire? Do we really think of it in this way at all, or is it only

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a name which vaguely describes the country which lies round Oxford? Is there any unifying idea which can include Henley and the edge of the Chilterns, together with that part of Oxfordshire in the north which lies between the valleys of the Cherwell and the Evenlode? Is it quite fair that the Scholar Gypsy country should belong to Berkshire and be therefore excluded? And, above all, does not the national character and importance of Oxford, itself overwhelm the county and cause us to neglect or even ignore it?

Miss Cannan is aware of these difficulties, and she tries to grapple with them, but in one instance at least she is not wholly successful. She states at the beginning that dwellers in Oxfordshire have "no pride in the beauty, no knowledge of the glory, no share in the spirit" of the city, and that "the citizens of Oxford are equally without knowledge of their county." Yet three-elevenths of her book is taken up by an account of Oxford, and of this the greater part is concerned with the history of the University and the colleges. This, as it seems to me, detracts from the value and unity of a book on Oxfordshire, and it does not help the personality of the county to come to life. When she describes the colleges Miss Cannan writes with skill and perception (and how should the authoress of *High Table* write otherwise?), but that cannot convince me that this chapter—or part of it—is not out of place in this particular book and especially in this particular *County Books* series.

I have had so much pleasure from Miss Cannan's book that it would be churlish to develop this criticism further. It would give, too, a fairer picture of the book if I stressed its many merits rather than this blemish. In the main I think that authors deserve more credit for writing of the things they love rather than of those they hate, though it is unfortunately true that criticism is far easier than praise. From this test Miss Cannan emerges triumphantly. When she catalogues with loving care the Oxfordshire rivers and streams, whose names are poetry; when she speaks of the "quiet



BANBURY CROSS AND CHURCH TOWER.

beyond belief" on Otmoor; when she visits those great houses, Broughton, Wroxton, Chastleton, and the rest, she writes not only with obvious sincerity and admirable vivacity, but also with affection and understanding. Thank heavens she is a sentimental, for no one should be allowed to write a book of this kind who has not that virtue. For a hundred people who could write a reasonably good and accurate county handbook there is perhaps one who could make the picture of a county live. Miss Cannan has every claim to be considered as one of these chosen few. It is for that reason that the proprietary tone which she adopts gives nothing but pleasure and a feeling of good things shared—our people, our village, our pastimes, even our battlefields. All these things go to create that feeling—or is it perhaps that illusion?—of a county unity and a county personality. There is, too, a pleasing blend of fact and fancy, of history and legend.

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Closing the book a score of questions occur to me. Has not poor Amy Robsart "walked" in other places besides the Park at Cornbury? Was it a fine or a Fiennes lady who rode a white horse? Then my fancy turns to the days when "the most polite and accurate men" of the University were wont to walk from the city to Great Tew to enjoy in Falkland's company that "College situated in a purer air"; how far did they, too, appreciate the Oxfordshire countryside? These are random thoughts, but is it not high tribute to the quality of Miss Cannan's book that it should bring them crowding to the reader's mind?

J. C. MASTERMAN.

### A RHODESIAN ORNITHOLOGIST SUNBIRDS AND JACARANDAS. Madeline Alston. *Juta & Co.*, Cape Town. 15s.

MOST bird-watchers are far too hedge-happy and bird-conscious to be naturally human, unless one happens to be a bird-watcher oneself. As authors, they make uneasy companions to the lay reader. The same can be said of stamp-collectors, or any other type of author writing about the particular hobby by which he is ridden. Mrs. Alston is an exception, since she rides her hobby intelligently and wittily; and refuses to be ridden by it. She knows only too well what most of our South African ornithologists suffer from—hair-splitting pedantry—and there is a sly, good-natured dig at one of the most prominent of them in the following passage: "There are sympathetic ornithologists like Dr. Leonard Gill who are bird-lovers as well as ornithologists. There are also ornithologists who are purely scientific and have no time to waste on amateurs like myself. To them a cuckoo is not a herald of spring, but a *cuculus canaris canaris*. They are chiefly interested in species and sub-species, and in the contents of a bird's stomach." Mrs. Alston nevertheless hands a bouquet to Dr. Roberts for the indispensability of his monumental work as a book of reference. For its thousands of illustrations alone, which I consider scarcely inferior

to those of Audubon, Roberts's book is priceless. And as for stomach-contents, these have such an importance in their bearing on agriculture that they should be allowed to pass, since birds, of all animals, next to insects, have the greatest influence on crops, and grazing, and stock; and therefore their diet is a matter of human interest. Mrs. Alston, the poet of the bushveld, concentrates on the far more important aspects of bird life, those from which one derives far more satisfaction, aesthetic and spiritual, than one can from consuming the produce of agriculture; and unlike other bird lovers she has a sense of proportion, for she warns us that bird lovers "must not become absorbed in their watchings to the exclusion of human interests"; and she quotes, from the greatest of all bird-watchers, Hudson, a passage in which he complains that the worst of bird books is that there is too much about birds in them. Mrs. Alston takes everything in her stride, from the voyage out to South Africa to her visit to a leper-colony in Southern Rhodesia. She has a Boswell-like curiosity and vitality that make her an irresistible companion in her wanderings over the bushveld, and in and out of townships like Bulawayo, Salisbury, and Gwelo.

As for her beautiful descriptions of our South African birds whom she knows so well, they made me fairly homesick; and my sleep, after finishing this lively book, was haunted with the shapes of the rollers, bee-eaters, sunbirds, trogons, lorries, kingfishers, lily-trotters, orioles, blood-finks, weavers, and widow-birds—not to mention others.

ROY CAMPBELL.

### ROYAL AND ANCIENT

#### A HISTORY OF GOLF IN BRITAIN. By Bernard Darwin and others. *Cassell.* £2 2s.

TO my mind, the history of any sport or game is fascinating, whether one plays it or not. For years some of my favourite reading has been in the pages of the dear old Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes, dating

# WOMEN IN THE FACTORY NEED HELP IN THE HOME



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## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

from the 'nineties. In fact, my knowledge of the more obscure varieties—coach-driving, for instance, or Cornish wrestling—is derived almost exclusively from these familiar nigger-brown books.

The volume on golf that Horace Hutchinson edited is perhaps the most thumbed, for—let's say it straight away and risk cries of wrath from flannelled fools and muddied oafs—golf, next to the field sports, has by far the most interesting history. The Badminton book is packed with out-of-the-way facts; so is the monumental tome called *The Royal and Ancient Game of Golf* that Harold Hilton and Garden Smith edited in 1912; and so—even more so—is the new *History of Golf in Britain*.

Its price may seem a bit stiff. But not once you see the book. And once you see it, if you have ever aimed club at ball, you will not rest till you own it. For—bound in green buckram, printed on fine quality paper and with four pages of colour plates—it is a sumptuous example of modern book-production. And the list of contributors—Bernard Darwin, Dr. Harold Gardiner-Hill, Sir Guy Campbell, Enid Wilson, Henry Cotton, Leonard Crawley, Henry Longhurst and Lord Brabazon—is a guarantee of the quality of the contents. Between them they tell even the most avid golfer all he wants to know about the game.

Personally I found the most rewarding browsing among Sir Guy Campbell's researches into remote history. Remote it certainly is, for although we cannot honestly claim that the Greeks had a word for it, the Romans did. They called it "paganica," from *paganicus*, a countryman. Not quite golf, perhaps, but at least a game in which a ball was struck with a stick. And the ball—this is the amazing part of it—was made of feathers stuffed tight into a leather cover; amazing because, until the middle of the nineteenth century, a couple of thousand years later, when gutta-percha began to be used, golf balls went on being made just like that. The old Scots ball-makers, I believe, used to reckon that each ball needed a lum-hat full of feathers.

Only last year I did a little quiet putting with a "featherie" and a beautiful "period" putter made by Hugh Philp, the Stradivarius or Chippendale of club-makers. And I wondered—as Sir Guy Campbell wonders now—whether, by any possible chance, some of the Roman legionaries, country boys like so many of our own soldiers, might not have brought clubs and balls with them when they were posted to these islands.

Alas, we don't know, any more than we know the song the Sirens sang or whether (as Sir Guy muses) Ulysses used his staff to smite the ball that Nausicaa and her maidens were playing with when he was washed ashore. The trouble is that there are tantalizing gaps in the long history of what the caddie-boys in Hong Kong used to call hittee-ball-say-damn.

Not until the seventeenth century does evidence become really plentiful. And Sir Guy produces a splendid new piece of evidence in the diary of a young Edinburgh man named Thomas Kincaid, recently brought to light by the Historiographer Royal of Scotland. This diary covers the years 1687 and 1688 and the diarist's jottings show how little in essentials the art of hitting the ball has changed.

Here are some of the conclusions he reached on "the only way of playing at the golve":

The ball must be straight before your breast, a little towards the left foot.

Your left foot must stand but a little before the right or rather it must be even with it, and a convenient distance from it.

The arms serve only to guide the club and second and care on the motion impress upon it by turning of your body: therefore you must never begin to bring about the club with the motion of the arms first, but their motion must be only towards the end of the stroak.

Well, Henry Cotton in his chapter on "Styles and Methods" says much the same, only in different language. And he doesn't burst into verse, as Kincaid did—the same Kincaid who, in October, 1688, records that he "collured a golve ball with white lead." How sad that this is his last



*Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.*

**Backroom Boy with a bucksaw** Although his name never appears Halloran is one of the most important contributors to the newspapers. In fact, it is on his bucksaw that the publication of the newspaper depends. For Barney Halloran\* is a Newfoundland logger, on the pay roll of the largest paper mill in the world — Bowater's at Corner Brook. His job is to fell and cut the trees into four foot logs, using the length of his bucksaw as a measure. They are then ready for the journey to Corner Brook by sleigh, truck, train, ship or most usual of all, floating down by river, there to be pulped and processed into newsprint. Halloran stands five foot eleven in his socks, and weighs 200 pounds, according to the Medical Officer who runs the foot rule over every logger at the start of the season. According to the camp cook, his appetite is built in proportion! "He'd eat a cow between two biscuits." But Barney just smiles tolerantly, knowing that a logger without an appetite is as useless as an axe without a handle.



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mention of the game, for nobody cares that on November 6, 1688, "the Prince of Orange landed." That is the history we know. What most of us don't know is that the great Marquis of Montrose was playing golf the day before his wedding in November, 1629, and that when David Garrick invited some Scottish friends to visit his villa at Hampton-on-Thames, one of them wrote that "he told us to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at the golf on Molesey Hurst."

Do not imagine, however, that *A History of Golf in Britain* is concerned only with the past. In word and picture (there are sixty-four pages of pictures, many of them of great interest), it brings the game up to the present day. In fact, Lord Brabazon's contribution looks towards the future. Golf, he says, "is spreading throughout the world and will spread more and more, knitting the world together." I only wish we could wake up one morning and read that the Russian Open Championship had been won by J. Stalin (Kremlin Golf Club, Moscow).

WEBSTER EVANS.

## Novels

CRISPIN'S DAY. Leigh Howard. *Longmans*. 10s. 6d.

TIME AND CHANCE. John Connell. *Constable*. 15s.

THE SALAMANDER TOUCH. Ivan Roe. *Hutchinson*. 9s. 6d.

PATRICE PERIOT. Georges Duhamel. *Dent*. 11s. 6d.

THE CALENDAR OF CRIME. Ellery Queen. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

TRAMPLE AN EMPIRE. William Mole. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 12s. 6d.

THE dams have been bust. Flying Officer K. N. D. ("Candy") Smith, of an R.A.F. film unit, ill-advisedly suggests that the damage should be filmed. The idea is accepted "at the highest level," and Candy has the job to do. We see him nerve-racked by seventy-four operational flights, busy with exacting

preparations, bickering with, in particular, Mike, his pilot. This, and the precipitation of his relations with two Waafs, with one of whom he finds himself suddenly in love, are the prelude to the final fifty pages which relate the flight with brilliant, exciting vividness. Throughout *Crispin's Day* Leigh Howard achieves verisimilitude, with no attempt to appease either the squeamish or the romantic. His characters are sharply realistic, if some, seen from Candy's high-strung viewpoint, may be distorted. The only weakness is that we are required to take Candy himself somewhat for granted—to accept him on the author's *ipse dixit* as a man whom others naturally like and respect. It is not a vital weakness in a very good war-novel.

The war plays a part in *Time and Chance* too, but a minor, almost an indirect one. John Connell's turns out to be the story, told in terms of a small group of characters, of the end of British suzerainty in Oragoya—an equivocal territory presented now as obscure, now as politically important, always as fascinating. The racial composition of this Central Americanish land is as curious as its constitution—a mixture of British rulers, Spanish ex-conquerors, Spanish- and English-speaking masses, British traders. But only half-way through the book do we get to grips with Oragoya. First we see narrator Adam Scott's tragic childhood departure, then we follow him in boyhood, virtually adopted by his uncle and much concerned with Ian, son of his Scottish neighbour, General Graham. Even when Adam reaches Oxford, Oragoya seems only an intellectual hobby for him, for Michael and Margaret Heron (who at this stage seem destined to be the story's hero and heroine), for David Arkwright (the don and politician who is indeed to be its villain). Ian has already vanished from the book. Already we have been given a treatise on Oragoyan history. But now comes World War II, brings the group together in Oragoya and with them General Graham. Now we watch the mistakes, the near-treacheries, which lead inexorably to the

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### COUNT D'ORSAY THE DANDY OF DANDIES by WILLARD CONNELLY

This biography of Count D'Orsay published in celebration of his Centenary this year, contains a great deal of material which has recently come to light and which has never been published. Dandyism is a lost art and Count Alfred D'Orsay was its last virtuoso. The London of a century ago was the perfect setting for this Dandy of Dandies. For the true dandy was not the most foppishly dressed, the most stylish, the most flash-mannered; he was primarily a man of wit and spirit, proficient in the manly sports. Count D'Orsay excelled in all these gifts and accomplishments and his life is brilliantly recorded by Willard Connely.

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### LAFAYETTE by DAVID LOTH

Lafayette was in the forefront of every revolution in the great age of revolutions: the American War of Independence, the French Revolution, the first revolution for social justice in 1830. Just nineteen when he came to America with a Major-General's command, he was one of Washington's favourites. When Lafayette returned to France, he became the aristocratic spearhead of a bourgeois revolution, braving the hatred of his King and the menace of the Terror. After much research on both sides of the Atlantic, David Loth has produced a biography that for the first time presents Lafayette in both his American and his French roles.

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British evacuation—all this related with a political realism at times ironical, but topical and disturbing. From this sketchy impression the book's weaknesses are plain. Is it the story of Adam Scott or of Oragoya? Why do we know Ian Graham, who has no part in Oragoya, better than the wife who shares some of Adam's life there? The author attempts too much. His porch is too big for his house. He draws characters better than he judges which to draw. Yet there is considerable merit in each half of his ambitious book.

*The Salamander Touch* is definitely post-war. It is concerned with the disappearance of an atomic scientist and the interest taken in the event principally by Hadrian the narrator (a man of letters and advertisement), a shady M.P., a fellow-traveller, an aristocratic anachronism, and a genial inventor who is the Salamander of the title, though his name is Hoskovsky. This is not a "thriller" but a psychological study in which there is plenty of exciting action. Its narrative style inclines to the hard-boiled, though Hadrian's violence is chiefly emotional and appears (a point which emerges rather tardily) to spring from a consciousness of guilt. The theme, and the plot too, provide a broad commentary on some aspects of the post-war world of Britain.

With this *Patrice Periot* has something in common. In it too post-war Communist manœuvre plays a leading role. But its setting is Paris, and though it is adequately translated by E. F. Bozman, it remains wholly French. An elderly widower, a biologist of high repute, is suddenly, for his advanced views, made much of by the Communists and becomes a political figure. At first gratified, he soon finds himself in a maelstrom of misrepresentation. His life is further complicated by the cleavages within his own family which imitate, perhaps symbolize, the schisms of the outside world. He can find no solution, least of all by treading a middle path. It is easy to understand why this subtly-written but forceful novel has been acclaimed in France, where logic and appetite often

join forces to make life seem, to other eyes, a nightmare; and where the death of an adolescent poet and a father's remorseful grief can and, in such circumstances as George Duhamel presents, would become a political issue. It affords us, so often saved by our unreason, a chance to understand more about our nearest neighbour.

In *The Calendar of Crime* we have a dozen Ellery Queen stories, some essentially linked to particular dates, and so justifying the title. The problems have a welcome merit that they have not all to do with murder, but they tend to be over-complicated for their length. Or is it the Queen style which makes them seem so? I find its extravagances distressing. "Well, Nikki," mourned Ellery, joining Nikki on the floor, where she was now hugging the carpet, in tears"—that is a random sample. There are times when Ellery sets me pining for the comparative simplicity of a Philo Vance!

I see little point in "slanging" a book unless in an attempt to disillusion the public about a wrongly accepted author. So I will say no more about what strikes me as a phenomenally improbable "thriller" than to counsel civil servants to observe from *Trample an Empire* what kind of a picture of Whitehall an author considers that the public will accept as realistic.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

AMONG contemporary histories Grant and Temperley's *Europe in the Nineteenth Centuries* has proved to be one of the most popular. Since it first appeared as *Europe in the Nineteenth Century* in 1927, it has gone into twenty impressions. Now the sixth and revised edition (Longmans, 25s.) has come out under the editorship of Dame Lilian Penson, who was associated with the original authors in historical work. The book has now been brought up to date to 1950, and it maintains its original standards and gives additional information in a pattern that

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## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

would, one feels, have been approved by the eminent historians who first conceived this formidable project.

\* \* \*

New archaeological methods have added enormously to our store of knowledge about our own country from prehistoric times up to the Norman Conquest. Considerable activity in research has been shown by senior members of Cambridge University, and *The Heritage of Early Britain* (Bell, 12s.) is based on a series of lectures, afterwards broadcast in a condensed form on the B.B.C.'s Third Programme. Martin Charlesworth was the inspiring force behind this venture. His death was a tragedy, and his seven collaborators have dedicated their book to his memory. Within a small compass they have written a richly informative and always readable survey. In their opinion, the heritage of Britain can mean two

things : the words and monuments which survive to the present day, and the formative factors in our past to which we look back with pride or shame.

\* \* \*

Messrs. Robert Hale's *Counties* books have become deservedly popular. Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, their general editor, now appears as sponsor to another series, *The Regional Books*, which deal fully with certain highly individual and remarkable areas in Britain. Each of the regions chosen are clear-cut entities, with marked individualities of their own, often with peculiar customs and industries, tradition and natural history. The first volume is *The Southern Marches* (Hale, 21s.), and the author is Mr. H. J. Massingham, who is admirably qualified to write about this southern borderland between England and Wales. It comprises the region between the Wye and the Usk, between the Bristol Channel and North Herefordshire. The illustrations are excellent.

\* \* \*

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The old prize-fighters have appealed to a great many contemporary writers, and it is not surprising that, at last, Mr. Louis Golding, who has always been a boxing enthusiast, should choose to commemorate some of these almost legendary heroes in a full-length book, *The Bare-Knuckle Breed* (Hutchinson, 16s.). Mendoza and Tom Cribb, Tom Tring and George Horton are joined by a few recent glove-fighters, Carpentier and Dempsey among them, who seem to the author to have a quality which makes them kinsmen to the earlier pugilists. Mr. Golding has given his imagination full play. The result is lively, vigorous reading.

\* \* \*

Peg Woffington was an actress and a personality who has found her way into a great many books and plays, but a complete biography of her was lacking until Miss Janet Camden Lucey wrote *Lovely*

*Peggy : A Life of Margaret Woffington* (Hutchinson, 18s.). Miss Lucey has taken her task seriously and knows the period well. The book's format is very pleasant.

\* \* \*

There seems to be an increasing number of people capable of writing very knowledgeably about hotels and restaurants. In my opinion, Mr. W. G. McMinnies is by far the best of them. His annual *Signpost*, which he calls an independent guide to pleasant ports of call in Britain and the Channel Isles, has now reached its thirteenth year of publication. *Signpost* (Simpkin Marshall, 10s. 6d.) is a well-illustrated book of nearly 500 pages, giving all the necessary information about houses offering food and accommodation, which are, to use the author's words, "places of character, quality, and the humanities." I have often tested Mr. McMinnies's selections during the last 15 or 16 years and he has never let me down. There is an ingenious index giving a list of facilities that the places offer, even down to welcoming children and dogs. Mr. McMinnies also provides a *Signpost to Ireland* (Simpkin Marshall, 5s. 6d.) compiled on identical lines.

With these two works in his baggage the traveller may rely upon escaping the worst culinary and other vagaries of hotels and restaurants in the British Isles.

\* \* \*

Listening in one evening a few months ago, I was struck by a very pleasant and well-modulated voice discussing the problem of present-day power in the light of the writings and actions of the thinkers, statesmen and administrators of the past. The voice belonged to Lord Radcliffe, and he was giving one of his Reith Lectures on *The Problem of Power* (Secker and Warburg, 8s. 6d.). They made a thoughtful, thought-provoking series, and I am glad to have the chance to read Lecture V, with its survey of British rule in India.

\* \* \*

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

Mrs. Keith's two excellent books on the Far East, *Land Below the Wind* and *Three Came Home* whetted the appetite for more. *White Man Returns* (Michael Joseph, 15s.) tells how the author, with her husband and small son, returned to Borneo. Here once more are the humour and charm that were features of her first book, and there is an added pleasure in watching young George develop among a crowd of Chinese, Hindu, Filipino, Malay and Dyak boys. His pets include a bear and a civet cat. A delightful book.

\* \* \*

Don Salvador de Madariaga is a citizen of the world who delights in oiling the international wheels with his learning and humour. He is a scholar who is also a wit, and his *Portrait of Europe* (Hollis and Carter, 18s.) is a striking exposition of the unity of culture and a plea for the unity of human endeavour: "We all want Europe to cease being a lunatic asylum of warlike fanatics; but no one wants her to become a Trappist monastery. Life and strife there must remain, if within the bounds of reason; and these tensions, once the cause of war, should be integrated into the common life of Europe which they ought to quicken and stimulate."

\* \* \*

Soon after the war Mr. Michael Malim went to Mauritius in order to study the various superstitions and customs, the complicated racial problems, and the every-day life of the country. The account of his observations is set down in *Island of the Swan* (Longmans, 16s.). Mr. Malim is a discovery, with a gift for reporting (or improvising) conversation that adds enormously to the book's liveliness. Mauritius and its people are lucky in their new interpreter. There are some lovely illustrations.

\* \* \*

*Golden Ages of the Great Cities* (Thames and Hudson, 28s.) embodies an interesting idea, well carried out. Twelve great cities are described, each by a different hand, at the height of their glory. Sir Ernest

Barker introduces this impressive European assembly—New York is added—with the comment that a book on this theme is accordingly also a book on the sources and springs of European civilization. Mr. Roger Fulford writes agreeably about *Jubilee London*, and Mr. Robert Waithman is sensible and unsensational about New York. There are ninety-five pictures in photogravure.

\* \* \*

James Stephens once called Mr. W. R. Rodgers the "promisingest" poet of our time. He has had a varied career, having been at one period a Presbyterian Minister and later a script-writer and producer for the B.B.C. He was elected to the Irish Academy of Letters to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bernard Shaw.

*Europa and the Bull* (Secker and Warburg, 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Rodgers's second volume of verse, and it is 11 years since his first, *Awake*, was published. He is a traditionalist who is not afraid to use classical and religious themes. That is always a hopeful sign. Although he occasionally strains after originality, there can be no doubt about Mr. Rodgers's genuine ability. He is a poet. *Resurrection: An Easter Sequence* contains the most considerable work in the book.

E. G.

### Financial

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moneylender gains. For the shaping of national policy the bankers are in the saddle."

However attractive they may find this picture of themselves as mounted Shylocks, shaping a policy in the saddle and at the same time gaining all along the line, the bankers, all of whom borrow as much as they lend, and who since the War have lent £6 out of every £10 to a Socialist Government at rates ranging from 0 per cent. upwards, are none the less always very pained to be coupled with moneylenders. But it is doubly painful for them to read Mr. Dalton's remarks, and the tall headlines "Butler's Budget is Moneylenders' New Charter" which accompanied them in the *Daily Herald*, at a time when banks, as a direct consequence of Conservative Government action, are faced with an exceedingly difficult situation.

Under Socialism, with a bank rate of 2 per cent., the average bank lent 60 per cent. of its customers' money to the Government—some of it direct and some of it *via* the Discount Market—at an average rate of 1½ per cent., and the remaining 40 per cent. by way of loans or discounts to its own customers at an average rate of about 3½ per cent.; that is to say, for every £100 of its customers' money the average bank under Socialism might expect to receive £2 5s. each year. Out of this had to be paid interest at ½ per cent. to those of its customers who were lucky or sensible enough to have money on deposit; before the Budget this applied to less than 30 per cent. of all money kept on account, and the net yield for the average bank was thus reduced to about £2 2s. for every £100 of its customers' money. With this the bank had to be



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## GOVERNMENT AND THE BANKS

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Since the rise in the Bank Rate to 4 per cent. banks must now pay 2 per cent.—four times as much as before—for money placed with them on deposit. Not unnaturally this encourages more customers to keep money on deposit and, instead of paying  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on 30 per cent. of its money, a bank may in future expect to pay 2 per cent. on perhaps 40 per cent. This will cost a bank about 13s. per cent. per annum on the money it employs, instead of only 3s. under Socialism. Against this must, of course, be set the increased revenue from loans to customers and from money lent to the Discount Market: but though the rates for some loans have increased—in no case, of course, as much as the deposit rate—they have not done so for all. For example, customers paying 5 per cent. before the Budget are still mostly doing so; and it is worth noting in passing that this category includes most private borrowers and most of the small businesses which Mr. Dalton said would be so hard hit. In addition the various Chancellor's Letters severely limit the purposes for which banks may now lend money to their customers, while the new rates charged for bank loans have simultaneously discouraged borrowers, as was intended; and all this money which cannot be lent to customers must be lent to the Government at lower rates. A bank cannot now expect to receive more than £2 a year from every £100 of its customers' money, while at the same time, owing to the Government's deflationary policy, the total of current accounts and deposits may tend to shrink. There is thus very much less money available to pay the running expenses of the bank—and this at a time when most banks have just made increases in their salary and pension scales. Moreover, the rise in the bank rate has caused a great fall in the capital value of the banks' investments. Add to this the unpopularity with their customers which banks now suffer as a result of the rise in borrowing rates and the Government restrictions on lending, and it is clear that,

if all this is a bankers' ramp, then the bankers are travelling not up but down it.

Still worse under the Moneylenders' Charter is the fate of the discount brokers, who play the major—if, to the public, incomprehensible—part in financing the Government's short-term borrowing. Of the money which he borrows from the banks, a discount broker employs part in the discounting of trade bills, part in buying short-dated Government bonds, and part in taking up Treasury Bills. The rise in the Bank Rate means for him an instant rise in the rate at which he borrows from the banks: but he cannot pass any of this on to the traders whose bills he has already discounted. During the months in which these bills are "running off" the discount broker is conducting his business at a substantial loss; and at the same time the general rise in interest rates which follows a rise in the Bank Rate has depreciated the value of his short-dated Government bonds. Mr. Butler's Budget has been the worst thing since the War for every discount house in London.

So much for the Moneylenders' Charter. It would not, however, be a gentlemanly act for the bankers to press too hard on Mr. Dalton, even though in his recent speech he failed to take account of the rate paid by banks for money on deposit, which has risen far more than has the average rate charged for borrowing. His own cheap money policy, for which he claimed that it "minimized the moneylender's tribute on the taxpayer," inflated the value of the banks' securities, brought them business, deposits, loans and bills. Any banker or discount broker, if he thought of himself alone, could not do otherwise than pray for the return of cheap money. But, whatever their private opinions, the banks co-operated for the nation's good with the last Government, and they will continue to do so in just the same way with the present Government, in spite of the irritation it must cause to many of their customers, and although—let not even Mr. Dalton doubt it—they are vastly less well off under Mr. Butler than they were under Mr. Dalton himself.

RENE PAYNE.

# RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

## Orchestral

IT is perhaps a sign of the times that only one symphony appears in the current lists (April), and it is one by a contemporary Swedish composer who will not even be a name to most of us. He is Ture Rangström, born in Stockholm in 1884 and a pupil of Pfitzner, whose music is little known here. This Symphony No. 1 in C major, first produced in 1914, is dedicated to the memory of August Strindberg, and each of the four movements has a sub-title (Ferment — Legend — Troll Rune — Battle). The composer does not attempt portraiture, a thing which he says is unsuited to music, but "reflects . . . only a young person who has gone through the fire and has arrived with a whole skin at the finale." Rangström uses a large orchestra and his scoring tends to be heavy, but I found the music interesting, though that may be partly due to my reading Strindberg into it, against the composer's

declared wish! It is played by the Stockholm Concert Association Orchestra, conducted by Tor Mann, and fairly well recorded (Decca LXT2665). One must presume that the whole ordinary concert repertoire of symphonies will be recorded on L.P. in due course, but, as indicated above, at the moment the tendency seems to be to go off the beaten track.

Those readers who have, and rightly treasure, the glorious performance and recording of Bach's E major Violin Concerto made by Gioconda de Vito, Anthony Bernard, and the Philharmonia Orchestra (H.M.V. DB6684-86) can be confidently recommended to get the A minor Concerto, played by Symon Goldberg with the same orchestra, this time conducted by Süsskind (Parlophone SW8140-1). It is equally good and equally balm for the soul.

Toscanini's immensely talented young protégé, Guido Cantelli, gave a performance of the *Siegfried Idyll*, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, that made history last year in the Royal Festival Hall, and although not all the warmth and beauty of the string tone has been caught, one can say that this wonderful performance is easily the best yet recorded (H.M.V. DB9746-7).

## Chamber Music

Lovers of chamber music will be glad to know that they can get two of Mozart's six string quartets dedicated to Haydn, very well played by the Kroll Quartet and excellently recorded, on Allegro ALX86.

There are the "Hunting" quartet (K458) and the "Disonance" quartet (K465). Adventurous spirits can sample Hindemith's third string quartet (op. 22) and Prokofieff's second (op. 92) also well played and recorded, on Capitol C.T.L. 7016. I myself like bits of these: the second half of the Hindemith, the first two movements of the Prokofieff, but they seem unsatisfying in total effect.

Karl Haas' London Baroque Ensemble has equalled, if not surpassed, its recording of the Dvorak Serenade in D minor in the Mozart Serenade in E flat major (K375). The enchanting five-movement work is scored for oboes, clarinets, bassoons and horns: perfect summer music (Parlophone R20610-12).

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## RECORD REVIEW

### Instrumental

It is good to have Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in D minor again available on the instrument for which Bach wrote the work, the harpsichord. Both performance and recording are extremely good, and if Liselotte Selbiger does not discover all the poetry of the Fantasia in her playing she gives full measure in the lovely quiet gigue from the B flat Partita which is on the spare side (Columbia LX8915-6). Another fine Bach recording is the third of the six Sonatas (E major) for violin and cembalo which Menuhin and Kentner now add to the complete recording they are making (H.M.V. DB21435-7).

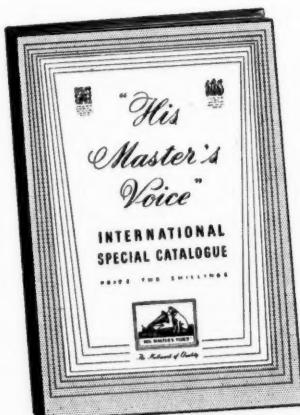
### Vocal

Joan Hammond seems to me to have made her best record, and certainly her most intelligent and interesting choice of pieces, in the first act soprano aria from Dvorak's opera *Rusalka*, a lovely invoca-

tion to the moon, and in Lisa's dramatic aria from the third act of Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*, sung when, at midnight, she awaits her lover at the quayside. Both arias are sung with good tone and control and very well accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Tausky (H.M.V. DB21451). Nixa issue the first recording ever made (as far as I know) of Monteverdi's church music. There are two psalms (*Beatus vir* and *Laudate Dominum*) set, in the concerted style, for voices and orchestra and, in the same style, a hymn (*Ut queant laxis*). (There is also another short piece not mentioned on the label which does not sound like Monteverdi at all). The Chorale Ensemble and Chamber Orchestra of the Scuola Veneziana give a not very stylish but vigorous performance and the recording is fair to middling. As a lover of Monteverdi's music I much enjoyed this disc (Nixa S.P.L.P.536).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

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